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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MARCH 1910

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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By ELEANOR INGRAM

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1910



THE SUBSTITUTE

A ROMANCE OF THE AUTOMOBILE

BY

ELEANOR M. INGRAM

I.

THE roaring reports of the motor fell into abrupt silence as the driver brought his car to a halt.

"You signalled?" he called across the grind of set brakes.

In the blinding glare of the search-lights from the two machines, the one arriving and the limousine drawn to the roadside, the young girl stood, her hand still extended in the gesture which had stopped the man who now leaned across his wheel.

"Oh, please," she appealed again.

On either side stretched away the Long Island meadows, dark, soundless, apparently uninhabited. Only this spot of light broke the monotony of dreariness. A keen, chill October wind sighed past, stirring the girl's delicate gown as its folds lay unheeded in the dust, fluttering her furred cloak and shaking two or three childish curls from the bondage of her velvet hood. The driver swung himself down and came toward her with the unhurried swiftness of one trained to the unexpected.

"I beg pardon—can I be of some use?" he asked.

"We are lost," she confessed hurriedly. "If you could set us right, I should be grateful. I—we must get home soon. I have been a guest at a house somewhere here, and started to return to New York this afternoon. The chauffeur does not know Long Island;

we cannot seem to find any place. And now we have lost a tire. I was afraid——"

She broke off, as her companion descended from the limousine and joined the other two.

"We only want to know the way; we're all right," he explained. "This is my cousin—I came out after her, you see. Don't get so worried, Emily. We'll go straight on as soon as Anderson changes the tire."

He spoke too fast and huddled his words slightly, the round, good-humored face he turned to the white light was too flushed; otherwise there was nothing unusual in his appearance. And his caste was evident and unquestionable, in spite of any circumstance. There was no anger in the girl's dark eyes as she gazed straight before her; only pity and helpless distress.

"I can tell your chauffeur the road," the driver of the other car quietly said. "Have you far to go?"

"To the St. Royal," she answered, looking at him. "My uncle is there. Is that far?"

"No; you will reach there by ten o'clock. I will speak to your chauffeur."

"Do, like a good fellow," the other man interposed. "Awfully obliged. You're not angry, Emily," he added, lowering his voice and moving nearer her. "Since we're engaged, why should you get frightened when I proposed we get married to-night instead of waiting for a big wedding? I thought it was a good idea, you know. It is n't my fault Anderson got lost instead of getting us home for dinner, is it?"

"Hush, Dick," she rebuked, hot color sweeping her face. "You—you are not well. And we are not engaged; you forget. Just because people want us to be——" Too proud to let her steadiness quiver, she broke the sentence.

If the driver had heard, and it was scarcely possible that he had not, he made no sign. By the acetylene light, he produced an envelope and pencil, and proceeded to sketch a map, showing the route to the limousine's chauffeur.

"Understand it?" he queried, concluding. He had a certain decision of manner, not in the least arrogant, but the result of a serene self-sureness that somehow accorded with his lithe, trained grace of movement. A judge of men would have read him an athlete, perhaps in an unusual line.

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied. "I'll get Miss French home in no time after I get the tire on."

The indiscretion of the spoken name was ignored, except for a slight lift of the hearer's eyebrows.

"How long does it take you to change a tire?"

"About half an hour; it's night, of course."

An odd, choking gurgle sounded from the gray machine, where a dark figure had until now sat in quiescent muteness.

"Half an hour!" echoed the gray machine's driver, and faced toward the chuckle. "Rupert, it is n't in your contract, but do you want to come over and change this tire?"

"I'll do it for you, darling," was the sweet response; the small figure rolled over the edge of the car with a cat-like celerity. "Where are your tools, your chauffeur? Quick!"

The bewildered chauffeur mechanically reached for a box on the running-board, as his young assistant came up grinning all over a malign dark face.

"Oh, quicker! What's the matter—rheumatism? They would n't have you in a training camp for motor trucks on Sunday. Hustle, please."

There never had been anything done to that sedate limousine as this was done. Even the preoccupied girl looked on in fascination at a rapidity of unwasted movement suggesting a conjuring feat.

"By George!" exclaimed her escort. "A splendid man you've got there! Really, a splendid chauffeur, you know."

The driver smiled with a gleam of irony, but disregarded the comment.

"Would you like to go into your car?" he asked the girl. "You will be able to start very soon."

"I see that," she acknowledged gratefully. "Thank you; I should rather wait here."

"Is your chauffeur trustworthy?"

"Oh, yes; he has been in my uncle's employ for three years. But he was never before out here, in this place."

There was a pause, filled by the soft monotone of insults drifting from the side of the limousine, for Rupert talked while he worked and his fellow worker did not please him.

"Wrench, baby hippo! Oh, look behind you, where you put it—you need a memory course. You ought to be passing spools to a lady with a sewing-machine. Did you ever see a motor-car before? There, pump her up, do." He rose, drew out his watch, and glanced at it. "Five minutes; I'll have to beat that day after to-morrow."

The driver looked over at him, and their eyes laughed together. Now, for the first time, the girl noticed that across the shoulders of both men's jerseys ran in silver letters the name of a famous foreign automobile.

"I am very grateful indeed," she said. "I wish I could say more, or say it better. The journey will be short now."

But all her dignity could not check the frightened shrinking of her glance from the interior of the limousine to the man who was to enter there with her. And the driver saw it.

"We have done very little," he returned. "May I put you in your car?"

The chauffeur was gathering his tools, speechlessly outraged, and making ready to start. Seated among the rugs and cushions, under the light of the luxurious car, the girl deliberately drew off her glove and held out her small, uncovered hand.

"Thank you," she said again, meeting his gray eyes with her own, whose darkness contrasted so oddly with the blonde curls clustered under her hood.

"You are not afraid to drive into the city alone?" he asked.

"Alone! Why, my cousin——"

"Your cousin is going to stay with me."

She flung back her head, amazement, question, relief, struggling over her sensitive face, and finally melting into irrepressible mirth under the fine amusement of his regard.

"You are clever—and kind, to do that! No, I am not afraid."

He closed the door.

"Take your mistress home," he bade the chauffeur. "Crank for him, Rupert."

"Why—why——" stammered the limousine's other passenger, turning as the motor started.

No one heeded him.

"By-by, don't break any records," Rupert called after the chauffeur. "Hold yourself in, do. If you shed any more tires, telegraph for me, and if I'm within a day's run I'll come put them on for you and save you time."

Silence closed in again as the red tail-light vanished around a bend. The gray car's driver nodded curtly to the stupefied youth in the middle of the road.

"Unless you want to stay here all night, you'd better get in the machine," he suggested. "My name's Lestrangle. I suppose yours is French?"

"Dick French. But, see here, you mean well, but I'm going with my cousin. I'd like to drive with you, but I'm busy."

"You're not fit to go with your cousin."

"Not——"

"Fit," completed Lestrangle definitely. "Can you hang on somewhere, Rupert?"

"I can," Rupert assured, with an inflection of his own. "Get your friend aboard."

Lestrangle was already in his seat, waiting.

"What's that for?" asked the dazed guest, as, on taking his place, a strap was slipped around his waist, securing him to the seat.

"So you won't fall out," soothed the grinning Rupert. "You ain't well, you know. Not that I'd care if you did, but somebody might blame Darling."

The car leaped forward, gathering speed to an extent that was a revelation in motoring to French. The keen air, the giddy rush through the dark, were a sobering tonic. After a while he spoke to the man beside him, nervously embarrassed by a situation he was commencing to appreciate:

"This is a racing car?"

"It was."

"Is n't it now?"

"If I were going to race it day after to-morrow, I should n't be risking it over a country road to-night. A racing machine is petted like a race-horse until it is wanted."

"And then?"

"It takes its chances. If you are connected with the Frenches who manufacture the Mercury car, you should know something of motor racing. I noticed your limousine was of that make."

"Yes, that is my uncle's company. I did see a race once at Coney Island. A car turned over and killed its driver and made a nasty muss. I—I did n't fancy it."

A wheel slipped off a stone, giving the car a swerving lurch as instantly corrected—with a second lurch—by its pilot. The effect was not tranquillizing; the shock swept the last confusion from French's brain.

"Where are you taking me?" he presently asked.

"Where do you want to go? I will set you down at the next village we come to; you can stay there to-night or you can get a trolley to the city."

The question remained unanswered. Several times French glanced diffidently at his companion's clear, firm profile, and looked away again without speaking.

"I went out to get my cousin to-day, and my hosts gave me a couple of highballs," he volunteered, at last. "I don't know what you thought——"

Lestrangle twisted his car around a belated farm-wagon.

"How old are you?" he inquired calmly.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm nearly twenty-seven. That's what I thought."

The simpler mind considered this for a space.

"Some men are born awake, some awake themselves, and some

are shaken into awakening," paraphrased Lestrangle, in addition. "If I were you, I'd wake up; it comes easier, and it's sure to arrive anyhow. There is the village ahead—shall I stop?"

"It looks dull," was the doleful verdict.

"Then come with me," flashed the other unexpectedly; for a fractional instant his eyes left the road and turned to his companion's face. "Did you ever see race practice at dawn? Come try a night in a training camp."

"You'd bother with me!"

"Yes."

A head bobbed up by French's knee, where Rupert was clinging in some inexplicable fashion.

"Once I rode eight miles out there by the hood, head downwards, holding in a pin," he imparted, by way of entertainment.

French stared at the reeling perch indicated, and gasped.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we could keep on to our control instead of being put out of the running, of course. Did you guess I was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!"

Even by the semi-light of the lamps there was visible the mechanician's droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrangle," he explained sweetly, and settled back in his place.

French drew a long breath. After a moment he again looked at the driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And thank you."

It was Lestrangle who smiled this time, with a sudden and enchanting warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he promised.

II.

It was a business consultation that was being held in Mr. French's firelit library, in spite of the presence of a tea-table and the young girl behind it; a consultation between the two partners who composed the Mercury automobile company, of whom the lesser was speaking with a certain anecdotal weight.

"And he said he was losing too much time on the turns; so the next round he took the bend at seventy-two miles an hour. He went over, of course. The third car we've lost this year; I'm glad the season's closed."

Emily French gave an exclamation, her velvet eyes widening behind their black lashes.

"But the driver! Was the poor driver hurt, Mr. Bailey?"

"He wasn't killed, Miss Emily," answered Bailey, with a tinge

of pensive regret. He was a large, ruddy, white-haired man, with the slow and careful habit of speech sometimes found in those who live much with massive machinery. "No, he was n't killed; he's in the hospital. But he wrecked as good a car as ever was built, through sheer foolness. It costs money."

Mr. French responded to the indirect appeal with more than usual irritation, his level gray eyebrows contracting.

"We ought to have better drivers. Why do you not get better men, Bailey? You wanted to go into this racing business; you said the cars needed advertising. My brother always attended to that side of the factory affairs, while he lived, with you as his manager. Now it is altogether in your hands. Why do you not find a proper driver?"

"Perhaps my hands are not used to holding so much," mused Bailey unresentfully. "A man might be a good manager, maybe, and weak as a partner. It is n't the same job. But a first-class driver is n't easy to get, Mr. French. There's Delmar killed, and George tied up with another company, and Dorian retired, all this last season; and we don't want a foreigner. There's only one man I like——"

"Well, get him. Pay him enough."

Bailey hunched himself together and crossed his legs.

"Yes, sir. He's beaten our cars—and others—every race lately, with poorer machines, just by sheer pretty driving. He drives fast, yet he don't knock out his car. But there's a lot after him—there's just one way we could get him, and get him for keeps."

"And that?"

"He's ambitious; he wants to get into something more solid than racing. If we offered to make him manager, he'd come and put some new ideas, maybe, into the factory, and race our cars whenever we chose to enter them. I know him pretty well."

The proposition was advanced tentatively, with the hesitation of one venturing in unknown places. But Ethan French said nothing, his gray eyes fixed on the hearth.

"He understands motor construction and designing, and he's been with big foreign firms," Bailey resumed, after waiting. "He'd be useful around; I can't be everywhere. What he'd do for us in racing would help a whole lot. It's very well to make a fine standard car, but it needs advertising to keep people remembering. And men like to say, 'My machine is the same as Lestrangle won the Cup race with.' They like it."

"I don't know," said Mr. French slowly, "that it is dignified for the manager of the Mercury factory to be a racing driver."

"The Christine cars are driven by the son of the man who makes them," was the response. "Some drive their own."

"The son of the man who makes them," repeated the other. He turned his face still more to the quivering fire, his always severe expression hardening strangely and bitterly. "The son——"

The girl rose to draw the crimson curtains before the windows and push an electric switch, filling the room with a subdued golden glow in place of the late afternoon grayness. Her delicate face, as she regarded her uncle, revealed most strongly its characteristic over-earnestness and sensitive reflection of the moods of those around her. Emily French's childhood had been passed in a Canadian convent, and its mysticism clung. As the cheerful change she had wrought flashed over the room, Mr. French held out his hand in a gesture of summons, so that she came across to sit on the broad arm of his chair during the rest of the conference.

"My adopted son and nephew having no such talents, we must do the best we can," Mr. French stated, with his most precise coldness. "Being well born and well bred, he has no taste for a mechanic's labor or for circus performances with automobiles in public. Who is your man, Bailey?"

"Lestrangle, sir. You must have heard of him often."

"I never read racing news."

"I read ours," said Bailey darkly. "We've been licked often enough by him. And he's so straight—he's one of the few men who'll stop at the grand-stand and lose time reporting a smash-up and sending help around. Every man on the tracks likes Darling Lestrangle."

"Likes *whom*?"

Bailey flushed brick-red.

"I did n't mean to call him that. He signs D. Lestrangle, and some of them started reading it Darling, joking because he was such a favorite and because they liked him anyhow. It's just a nickname."

Emily laughed out involuntarily, surprised.

"I beg pardon," she at once apologized. "But it sounded so frivolous."

"If you try this man, you had better keep that nickname out of the factory," Mr. French advised stiffly. "What respect can the workmen feel for a manager with such a title? If possible, you would do well to prevent them from recognizing him as the racing driver."

Bailey, who had risen at the chime of a clock, halted amazed.

"Respect for him!" he echoed. "Not recognize him! Why, there isn't a man on the place who would n't give his ears to be seen on the same side of the street as Lestrangle, let alone to work under him. They do read racing news. That'll be all right, if I can have him."

"If it is necessary——"

"I think it is, sir."

Emily moved slightly, pushing back her yellow-brown curls under the ribbon that banded them. On a sudden impulse, her uncle looked up at her.

"What is your opinion?" he questioned. "If Dick had been listening I should have asked his, and I fancy yours is fully as valuable. Come, shall we have this racing manager?"

Astonished, she looked from him to the other man. And perhaps it was the real anxiety and suspense of Bailey's expression which drew her quick reply.

"Let us, uncle. Since we need him, let us."

"Very well," said Mr. French. "You hear, Bailey."

There was a long silence after the junior partner's withdrawal.

"Come where I can see you, Emily," her uncle finally demanded. "I liked your decided answer, a few moments ago; you can reason. How long have you been a daughter in my house?"

"Six years," she responded, obediently moving to a low chair opposite. "I was fifteen when you took me from the convent—to make me very, very happy, dear."

"I sent for you when I sent for Dick, and for the same reason. I have tried three times to rear one of my name to fitness to bear it, and each one tried has failed except you. I wish you were a man, Emily; there is work for a French to do."

"When you say that, I wish I were. But—I'm not, I'm not." She flung out her slender, round arms in a gesture of helpless resignation. "I'm not even a strong-minded woman who would do instead. Uncle Ethan, may I ask—it was Mr. Bailey who made me think—my cousin whom I never saw, will he never come home?"

Her voice faltered on the last words, frightened at her own daring. But he answered evenly, if coldly:

"Never."

"He offended you so?"

"His whole life was an offense. School, college, at home, in each he went wrong. At twenty-one he left me and married a woman from the vaudeville stage. It is not of him you are to think, Emily, but of a substitute for him. For that I designed Dick; once I hoped you would marry him and sober his idleness."

"Please, no," she refused gently. "I am fond of Dick, but—please, no."

"I am not asking it of you. He is well enough, a good, harmless boy, not over-wise, but not what is needed here. Failed again; I am not fortunate. There is left only you."

"Me?"

Her startled dark eyes and his determined gray ones met, and so remained.

"You and your husband. Are you going to marry a man who can take my place in this business, in the factory and the model village my brother and I created and governed around it; a gentleman whose name will be fit to join with ours and so preserve it here? Will you wait until such a one is found and aid me to find him? Or will you too follow selfish, idle fancies of your own?"

"No!" she answered, quite pale. "I would not do that! I would try to help."

"You will take up the work the men of your name refuse—you will provide a substitute for them?"

Her earnestness sprang to meet his strength of will; she leaned nearer in her enthusiasm of self-abnegation scarcely understood.

"I am Emily French! I will find a substitute or accept yours. I—indeed, I will try not to fail."

It was characteristic that he offered neither praise nor caress.

"You have relieved my mind," said Ethan French, and turned his face once more to the fire.

III.

It had been October when the consultation was held in the library of the old French house on the Hudson; December was very near on the sunny morning that Emily drove out to the factory and sought Bailey in his office.

"I wanted to talk with you," she explained, as that gentleman rose to receive her. "We have known each other for a long time, Mr. Bailey; ever since I came from the Sacred Heart to live with Uncle Ethan. That is a *very* long time."

"It's a matter of five or six years," agreed the charmed Bailey, contemplating her with affectionate pride in her prettiness and grace. "You used to drive out here with your pony and spend many an hour looking on at the doings. And ask questions! You'll excuse me, Miss Emily, but there was many a man passed the whisper that you'd have made a fine master of the works."

She shook her head, folding her small gloved hands upon the edge of the desk on either side of which they were seated.

"At least, I should have tried. I am quite sure I should have tried. But I am only a girl. I came to ask you something regarding that;" she lifted her candid eyes to his, her soft color rising. "Do you know—have you ever met—any men who cared and understood about such factories as this? Men who could take charge of a business, the manufacturing and racing and selling, like my uncle's? I have a reason for asking."

"Sure thing," said Bailey, unexpectedly prompt. "I've met one man who knows how to handle this factory better than I do, and

I've been at it twelve years. And there he is"—he turned in his revolving-chair and rolled up the shade covering the glass-set door into the next room: "my manager, Lestrangle."

The scene thus suddenly opened to the startled Emily was sufficiently matter-of-fact, yet not lacking in a sober animation of its own. Around a draughting table central in the bare, systematic disorder of the apartment beyond, three or four blue-shirted men were grouped, bending over a set of drawings, which Lestrangle was explaining—explaining, with a vivid interest in his task, which sparkled over his clear face in a changing play of expression mesmeric in its command of attention. The men watched and listened intently; they themselves no common laborers, but the intelligent workmen who were to carry out the ideas here set forth. Wherever Lestrangle had been, he was coatless and the sleeves of his outing shirt were rolled back, leaving bare the arms whose smooth symmetry revealed little of the racing driver's strength; his brown hair was rumpled into boyish waves, and across his forehead a fine black streak wrote of recent personal encounter with things practical.

"Oh!" exclaimed Emily faintly. And after a moment, "Close the curtain, please."

None of the group in the next room had noticed the movement of the shade, absorbed, as they were, in one another; any sound being muffled by the throb of adjacent machinery. Bailey obeyed the request and leaned back in his chair.

"That's Darling Lestrangle," he stated with satisfaction. "That's his own design for an oiling system he's busy with, and it's a beauty. He's entered for every big race coming this season, starting next week in Georgia, and meantime he oversees every department in every building as it never was done before. The man for me, he is."

Emily made an unenthusiastic sign of agreement.

"I meant very different men from Mr. Lestrangle," she replied, her dignity altogether French. "I have no doubt that he is all that you have said, Mr. Bailey, but I was thinking of another class. I meant—a gentleman."

"Oh, you meant a gentleman," repeated Bailey, surveying her oddly. "I did n't know, you see. No; I don't know any one like that."

"Thank you. Then I will go. I—it does not matter."

But she did not go, remaining leaning on the arm of the chair in troubled revery, her long lashes lowered. Bailey sat as quietly, watching her and waiting.

The murmur of voices came dully through the closed door, one lighter and clearer in tone most often rising above the roar pervading the whole building. It was not possible that Emily's glimpse of

Lestrangle across the glass should identify him absolutely with the man she had seen once in the flickering lights and shadows on the Long Island road; but he was not of a type easily forgotten, and she had been awakened to doubting recognition. Now many little circumstances recurred to her: a strangeness in Dick's manner when the new manager was alluded to; the fact that her rescuer on that October night had been driving a racing car and had worn a racing costume; and lastly, when Bailey spoke of "Darling" Lestrangle, there had flashed across her mind the mechanic's ridiculous answer to the request to aid her chauffeur in changing a tire: "I'll do it for you, darling." And, listening to that dominant voice in the next room, she slowly grew crimson before a vision of herself in the middle of a country road, appealing to a stranger for succor like the heroines of melodramatic fiction. Decidedly, she would never see Lestrangle, never let him discover Miss French.

"I will go," she reiterated, rising impetuously.

The glass-set door opened with unwarning abruptness.

"I'll see Mr. Bailey," declared some one. "He'll know."

Helpless, Emily stood still, and found herself looking directly into Lestrangle's gray eyes as he halted on the threshold.

It was Bailey who upheld the moment, all unconsciously.

"Come in," he invited heartily. "Miss French, this is our manager, Mr. Lestrangle; the man who's going to double our sales this year."

Emily moved, then straightened herself proudly, lifting her small head. Lestrangle had recognized her, she felt; the call was to courage, not flight.

"I think I have already met Mr. Lestrangle," she composedly said. "I am pleased to meet him again."

"Met him!" cried Bailey. "Met him? Why——"

Neither heeded him. A gleaming surprise and warmth lit Lestrangle's always brilliant face.

"Thank you," he answered her. "You are more than good to recall me, Miss French. I owe an apology for breaking in this way, but I fancied Mr. Bailey alone—and he spoils me."

"It is nothing; I was about to go." She turned to give Bailey her hand, smiling involuntarily in her great relief. With a glance, an inflection, Lestrangle had stripped their former meeting of its embarrassment and unconventionality; how, she neither analyzed nor cared.

"Good morning," bade Bailey. "Shall I take you through, or——"

But Lestrangle was already holding open the door, with a bright unconcern as to his workmanlike costume which impressed Emily very much. She wondered if Dick would have borne the situation so well, in the impossible event of his being found at work.

The two walked together down an aisle of the huge, machinery-crowded room, the grimy men lifting their heads to gaze after Emily as she passed. Once Lestrangle paused to speak to a man who sat, notebook and pencil in hand, beside another who manipulated a delicate aluminum casting under a grinding wheel.

"Pardon," he apologized to Emily, who had lingered also. "Mathews would have let that go wrong in another moment. He"—his smile glanced out—"he is not a Rupert at changing his tires, so to speak, but just a good chauffeur."

The gay and natural allusion delighted her. For the first time in her life, Emily French laughed out in a genuine, mischievous sense of adventure.

"Yes? I wonder you could separate yourself from that Rupert to come here; he was bewildering," she retorted.

"Separate from Rupert? Why, I should not think of racing a taxicab, as he would say, without Rupert beside me. He is here taking a post-graduate course in this type of car, in order to be up to his work when we go down to Georgia next week."

"Next week? You expect to win that race?"

"No. We are running a stock car against some heavy foreign racing machines; the chance of winning is therefore slight. But I hope to outrun any American car on the course, if nothing goes wrong."

She looked up.

"And if something does?" she wondered.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Pray take care of those moving belts behind you, Miss French. If something does—there is a chance to every game worth playing."

"A chance!" Her feminine nerves recoiled from the implied consequences. "But only a chance, surely. You were never in an accident, never were hurt?"

Lestrangle regarded her in surprise mingled with a dawning railleury infinitely indulgent.

"I had no accidents last season," he guardedly responded. "I've been quite lucky. At least, Rupert and I play our game unhampered; there will be no broken hearts if we are picked up from under our car some day."

They had reached the door while he spoke. As he put his hand on the knob to open, Emily saw a long zigzag scar running up the extended arm from wrist to elbow, a mute commentary on the conversation. In silence she passed out across the courtyard to where her red-wheeled cart waited. But when Lestrangle had put her in and given her the reins, she held out her hand to him with more gravity.

"I will wish you good luck for next week," she said.

Lestrangle threw back his head, drawing a quick breath; here in the strong sunlight he showed even younger than she had thought him, young with a primitive intensity of being alive.

"Thank you. I should like—if it were possible—to win this race."

"This one, especially?"

"Yes, because it is the next step toward a purpose I have set myself, and which I should accomplish if I live. Not that I will halt if this step fails, no, nor for a score of such failures, but I am anxious to go on and finish."

Up to Emily's face rushed the answering color and fire to his; drawn by the bond of mutual earnestness, she leaned nearer.

"You live to do something? So do I, so do I! And every one else *plays*."

However Lestrangle would have replied, he was checked by the crash of the courtyard gate. Abruptly recalled to herself, Emily turned, to see Dick French coming towards them.

Remembering how the three last had met, the situation suggested strain. But to Emily's astonishment the young men exchanged friendly nods, although Dick flushed pinkly.

"Good morning, Lestrangle," he greeted. "I've just come up from the city, Emily, and there was n't any carriage at the station, so when one of the testers told me you were here I came over to get a ride."

"I've been to see Mr. Bailey," she responded. "Come in."

As Dick climbed in beside her, she bent her head to Lestrangle; if she had regretted her impulsive confidence, again the clear sanity and calm of the gray eyes she encountered established self-content.

When they were trotting down the road toward home, in the crisp air, Emily glanced at her cousin.

"I did not know you and Mr. Lestrangle were so well acquainted," she remarked.

"I see him now and then," Dick answered uneasily. "He's too busy to want me bothering around him much. You—remembered him?"

"Yes."

He absently took the whip from its socket, flecking the horse with it while he spoke.

"It was awfully square of you, Emily, not to mention that night to Uncle Ethan. It was n't like a girl, at all. I made an idiot of myself, and you've never said anything to me about it since. I never told you where Lestrangle took me, because I did n't like to talk of the thing. I'm really awfully fond of you, cousin."

"Yes, Dickie," she said patiently.

"Well, Lestrangle rubbed it in. Oh, he did n't say much. But he carried me down to where they were practising for a road race. Such a jolly lot of fellows, like a set of kids; teasing and calling jokes back and forth at one another half the night until daybreak. Everything raw and chilly. Busy, and their mechanics busy, and one of them after another swinging into his car and going off like a rocket. By the time Lestrangle went off, I was as much stirred up as anybody. When he made a record circuit at seventy-seven miles an hour average, I was shouting over the rail like a good one. And then, while he was off again, a big blue car rolled in and its driver yelled that Lestrangle had gone over on the Eastbury turn, and send around the ambulance. It was like a nightmare; I sat down on a stone and felt sick."

"He——"

"He shook me up half an hour later, and stood laughing at me. 'Upset?' he said. 'No; we shed a tire and went off into a field, but it did n't hurt the machine, so we righted her and came in.' He was limping and bruised and scratched, but he was laughing, while a crowd of people were trying to shake hands with him and say things. I felt—funny; as if I was n't much good. I never felt like that before. 'This is only practice,' he said, when I was going. 'The race to-morrow will do better. We find it more exciting than cocktails.' That was all, but I knew what he meant, all right. I've been careful ever since. He won the race next day, too."

"Dick, did n't it ever occur to you that you as well as Mr. Lestrangle might do real things?" she asked, after a moment.

He turned his round, good-humored face to her in boundless amazement.

"I? I race cars and break my neck and call it fun, like Lestrangle? You're laughing at me, Emily."

"No, no;" in spite of herself the picture evoked brought her smile. "Not like that. But you might be interested in the factory. You might learn from Mr. Bailey and take charge of the business with Uncle Ethan. It would please uncle—*how* it would please him, if you did!"

Dick stirred unhappily.

"It would take a lot of grind," he objected. "I have n't the head for it, really. I'm not such an awfully bad lot, but I hate work. Let's not be serious, cousin. How pretty the frosty wind makes you look!"

Emily tightened the reins with a brief sigh of resignation.

"Never mind, Dickie. I—uncle will find a substitute. Things must go on somehow, I suppose, even if we do not like the way."

But the way loomed distasteful that morning as never before.

IV.

MR. FRENCH and his niece were at breakfast on the Sunday when the first account of the Georgia race reached Frenchwood.

"You will take fresh coffee," Emily was saying, the little silver pot poised in her hand, when the door burst open and Dick hurried, actually hurried, into the room.

"He's won! He's got it!" he cried, brandishing the morning newspaper. "The first time for an American car with an American driver. And how he won it! He distanced every car on the track except the two big Italian and French machines. Those he could n't get, of course; but the Frenchman went out in the fourth hour with a broken valve. Then he was set down for second place—second place, Emily, with every other big car in the country entered. They say he drove like—like—I don't know what. A hundred and some miles an hour on the straight stretches."

"Oh!" Emily faltered, setting down the coffee-pot in her plate.

He stopped her eagerly, half turning toward Mr. French, who had put on his pince-nez to contemplate his nephew in stupefaction, not at his statement, but at his condition.

"Wait. In the last hour, the Italian car lost its chain and went over into a ditch on a back stretch, three miles from a doctor. People around picked the men out of the wreck, and Lestrangle came up to find that the driver was likely to die from a severed artery before help got there. Emily, he stopped—stopped, with victory in his hands—had the Italian lifted into the mechanician's seat, and Rupert held him in while they dashed around the course to the hospital. He got him there fifteen minutes before an ambulance could have reached him, and the man will get well. But Lestrangle had lost six minutes. He had rushed straight to the doctors, given them the man, and gone right on, but he had lost six minutes. When people realized what he'd done, they went wild. Every one thought he'd lost the race, but they cheered him until they could n't shout. And he kept on driving. It's all here"—he waved the gaudy sheet. "The paper's full of it. He had half an hour to make up six minutes, and he did it. He came in nineteen seconds ahead of the nearest car. The crowd swarmed out on the course and fell all over him. Old Bailey's nearly crazy."

To see Dick excited would have been marvel enough to hold his auditors mute, if the story itself had not possessed a quality to stir even non-sporting blood. Emily could only sit and gaze at the headlines of the extended newspaper, her dark eyes wide and shining, her soft lips apart.

"He telegraphed to Bailey," Dick added; in the pause. "Ten

words: 'First across line in Georgia race. Car in fine shape. Lestrangle.' That was all."

Mr. French deliberately passed his coffee-cup to Emily.

"You had better take your breakfast," he advised. "It is unusual to see you noticing business affairs, Dick; I might say, unprecedented. I am glad if Bailey's new man is capable of his work, at least. I suppose, for the rest, that he could scarcely do less than take an injured person to the hospital. Why are you putting sugar in my cup, Emily?"

"I don't know," she acknowledged helplessly.

"I did n't mean to disturb any one," said Dick, sulky and resentful. "It'll be a big thing for our cars, Bailey says. I did n't know you disliked Lestrangle."

Mr. French stiffened in his chair.

"I have not sufficient interest in the man to dislike him," was the cold rebuke. "We will change the subject."

Emily bent her head, remedying her mistake with the coffee. She comprehended that her uncle had conceived one of his strong, silent antipathies for the young manager, and she was sorry. Sorry, although, remembering Bailey's unfortunate speech the night Lestrangle's engagement was proposed, she was not surprised. But she looked across to Dick sympathetically.

So sympathetically that after breakfast he followed her into the library, the colored journals in his hand.

"What's the matter with the old gentleman?" he complained. "He wants the business to succeed; he ought to like what Lestrangle is doing for it. What's the matter with him?"

Emily shook back her yellow curls, turning her gaze on him.

"You might guess, Dickie. He is lonely."

"Lonely! He!"

All the feminine impulse to defend flared up.

"Why not?" she exclaimed with passion. "Whom has he got? Who stands with him in his house? No wonder he cannot bear the man who is hired to do what a French should be doing. It is not the racing driver he dislikes, but the manager. And don't you blame him, Dick French."

Quite aghast, he stared after her as she turned away to the nearest window. But presently he followed her over, still holding the papers.

"Don't you want to read about the race?" he ventured.

Smiling, though her lashes were damp, Emily accepted the peace offering.

"Yes, please."

"You're not angry? You know I'm a stupid chump sometimes; I don't mean it."

This time she laughed outright.

"No; I am sorry I was cross. It is I who would like to shirk my work. Never mind me; let us read."

They did read, seated opposite each other in the broad window-seat and passing the sheets across as they finished them. Dick had not exaggerated; on the contrary, he had not said enough. Lestrangle and his car were the focus of the hour's attention. The daring, the reckless courage which risked life for victory, the generosity which could throw that victory away to aid a comrade, and lastly the determination and skill which had won conquest after all—the whole formed a feat too spectacular to escape public hysteria. It was very doubtful indeed whether Lestrangle liked his idolizing, but there was no escape.

The two who read were young.

"It was a splendid fight," sighed Dick, when they dropped the last page.

"Yes," Emily assented. "When he comes back, when you see him, give him my congratulations."

"When I see him? Why don't you tell him yourself?"

Something like a white shadow wiped the scarlet of excitement from her cheeks, as she averted her face.

"I shall not see him; I shall not go to the factory any more. It will be better, I am sure."

Vaguely puzzled and dismayed, Dick sat looking at her, not daring to question.

Emily kept her word during the weeks that followed. Through Dick and Bailey she heard of factory affairs: of the sudden increase of orders for the Mercury automobiles, the added prestige gained, and the public favor bestowed on the car. But she saw nothing of the man who was responsible for all this. Instead, she went out more than ever before. Their social circle was too painfully exclusive to be large or gay.

Three times a week it was Mr. French's stately custom to visit the factory and inspect it with Bailey. At other times Bailey came up to the house, where affairs were conducted. But in neither place did Mr. French ever come in contact with his manager, during all the months while winter waxed and waned again to spring.

"That's Bailey's doing," chuckled Dick, when Emily finally wondered aloud at the circumstance. "He isn't going to risk losing Lestrangle because our high and mighty uncle falls out with him. And it would be pretty likely to happen if they met. Lestrangle has a temper, you know, even if it doesn't stick out all over him like a hedgehog; and a dozen other companies would give money to get him."

Emily nodded gravely. It was a sunny morning in the first of March, and the cousins were at the end of the old park surrounding Frenchwood, where they had strolled before breakfast.

"Mr. Bailey likes Mr. Lestrangle," she commented.

"Likes him! He loves him. You know Lestrangle lives with him, a bachelor household, cosy as grigs."

Just past here ran the road, beyond a high cedar hedge. While he was speaking, the irregular explosive reports of a motor had sounded down the valley, unmistakable to those familiar with the testing of the stripped cars, and rapidly approaching. Now, as Emily would have answered, the roar suddenly changed in character, an appalling series of explosions mingled with the grind of outraged machinery suddenly braked, and some one shouted above the din. The next instant a huge mass shot past the other side of the hedge and there followed a dull crash.

"One of our men!" gasped Dick, and plunged through the shrubbery.

Dazed momentarily, Emily stood, then caught up her skirts and ran after him. She knew well enough what the testers of the cars risked.

"Dick!" she appealed. "Dick!"

But it was not the wreck she anticipated which met her eyes as she emerged. On the opposite side of the road a long, low skeleton car was standing, one side lurching drunkenly down with two wheels in the gutter. Still in his seat, the driver was leaning over the steering wheel, out of breath and laughing a greeting to the astonished Dick.

"A break in the steering gear," he declared, by way of explanation. "I told Bailey it was a weak point; now perhaps he'll believe me and strengthen it."

"You're not hurt," Dick inferred.

"I think she's not—a tire gone. Find anything wrong, Rupert?"

"Two tires off," said the laconic mechanic. "Two funerals postponed. That was a pretty stop, Darling."

"Very," coolly agreed Lestrangle, rising and removing his goggles. "What's the matter, French?"

"You frightened us out of our five senses, that's all. Do you usually practise for races out here?"

"Us?" repeated Lestrangle, and, turning, saw the girl at the edge of the park. "Miss French, I beg your pardon!"

The swift change in his tone, the ease of deference with which he bared his head, and, motor-caps not being readily donned or doffed, so remained bareheaded in the bright sunlight, savored of the Continent.

"It is too commonplace to say good-morning," Emily replied, her color rising with her smile. "I am very glad you escaped. But that is commonplace too, I'm afraid."

"Every one's commonplace before breakfast," reassured her cousin. "Honestly, Lestrangle, do you practise racing here?"

"Hardly. I'm trying out the car; every car has to go through that before it is used. Don't you know that we've recently secured from the local authorities a permit to run at any speed over this road between four o'clock and eight in the morning? I thought all the countryside knew that."

"But we have a regiment of men to test cars."

Lestrangle passed a caressing glance over the dingy-gray machine in its state of bareness that suggested indecorum.

"This is my car, the one I'll race this spring and summer. No one is permitted to drive it but me. Besides, I have to have some diversion."

He stepped to the ground with the last word, and went around to where Rupert was on his knees beside the machine.

"Can you fix it here?" he demanded.

"Not precisely," was the drawled reply. "Back to camp for it, with a horse in front."

"All right. You'll have to walk down and get a car from Mr. Bailey to tow it home."

Rupert got up, his dark, malign little face twisted.

"If I'd broken a leg, they'd have sent a car for me," he mourned. "Now I'll have to walk, and I ain't used to it. Hard luck!"

"If you go around to the stables, they will give you my pony-cart," Emily offered impulsively. "You"—her dimpling smile gleamed out—"you once put a tire on for me, you know. Please let me return the service."

Rupert's black eyes opened, a slow grin of appreciation crinkled streaks of dust and oil as he surveyed the young girl.

"I'll put tires on every wheel you run into control, day and night shifts," he acknowledged with sweet cordiality. "But I'm no horse-chauffeur, thanks; I guess I'll walk."

"He is a gentle pony," she remonstrated. "Any one can drive him."

He turned a side glance toward the motionless car.

"That's all right, but I'm used to being killed other ways. I'll be going."

"Jack Rupert, do you mean to tell me that you will race with Lestrangle every season, and yet you're afraid to drive a fat cob?" cried the delighted Dick.

"I'm not telling anything. I had a chum who was pitched out

by a horse he lost control of, and broke his neck. I'm taking no chances."

"How many men have you seen break their necks out of autos?"

"That's in business," pronounced Rupert succinctly. "I'm going on, Darling; it's only a two-mile run."

"Here, wait," Dick urged. "Emily, I'll stroll around to the stables with him and make one of the men drive him down. You don't mind my leaving you?"

"No," Emily answered. "I will wait for you."

She might have walked back alone, if she had chosen. But instead she sat down on a boulder near the hedge, folding her hands in her lap like a demure child. The house was so dull, so hopelessly monotonous, contrasted with this fresh, wind-tossed outdoors and Lestrangle in his vigor of life and glamour of ultra-modern adventure.

"You and Mr. French are very good," Lestrangle said presently. "I am afraid I appreciate it more than Rupert, though."

"Is he really afraid of horses?"

"I should not wonder; I never tried him. But he is amazingly truthful."

Their eyes met across the strip of sunny road as they smiled; again Emily felt the sudden confidence, the falling away of all constraint before the direct clarity of his regard.

"You won your race," she said irrelevantly. "I was glad, since you wanted it."

"Thank you," he returned with equal simplicity. "But I did not want it that way, so far as I was concerned."

"Yet it was the next step?"

"Yes, it was the next step. I meant that one does not care to be victor because the leading cars were wrecked. There is no elation at defeating a driver who lies out on the course. But, as you say, it helped my purpose. You"—he hesitated for the right phrase—"you are most kind to recall that I have a purpose."

It was the convent Emily who looked back at him, earnest-eyed, exaltedly serious.

"I have thought of it often. Every one else that I know just lives the way things happen—there are only a few people who grasp things and *make* them happen. That is real work; so many of us are just given work we do not want——" she broke off.

"If we do not want the work, it is probably not our own," said Lestrangle. "Unless we have brought it on ourselves by a fault we must undo—I need not speak of that to you. One must not make a mistake and assume some one else's work."

He spoke gently, almost as if with a clairvoyant reading of her tendency to self-immolation.

"But may not some one else's fault be given us to undo?" she asked eagerly. "May not their work be forced on us?"

"No," he answered.

"No?"—bewildered.

"I don't think so. Each one of us has enough with his own, it seems to me. Most of us die before we finish it."

Emily paused, contending with the loneliness and doubts which impelled her to speech, the feminine yearning to let another decide her problems. This other's nonchalant strength of decision allured her uncertainty.

"I am discouraged," she confessed. "And tired. I—there is no reason why I should not speak of it. You know Dick, how he can do nothing in the factory or business, or in the places where a French should stand. All this must fall into the hands of strangers, to be broken and forgotten, when my uncle dies, for lack of some one who would care. And Uncle Ethan seems severe and hard, but it grieves him all the time. His only son was not a good man; he lives abroad with an actress he married. You knew that?"—as he moved.

"I heard something of it in the village," Lestrangle admitted gravely. "Please do not think me fond of gossip; I could not avoid it. But I should not have imagined this a family likely to make low marriages."

"It never happened before. I never saw that cousin, nor did Dick; but he was always a disappointment, always, Uncle Ethan has told me. And since he failed, and Dick fails, there is only me."

"You!"

She nodded, her lip quivering.

"Only me. Not as a substitute—I am not fit for that—but to find a substitute. I have promised my uncle to marry the first one who is able to be that."

The silence was absolute. Lestrangle neither moved nor spoke, gazing down at her bent head with an expression blending many shades.

"It is a duty; there is no one except me," she added. "Only, sometimes I grow—to dislike it too much. I am so selfish that sometimes I hope a substitute will never come."

Her voice died away. It was done; she, Emily French, had deliberately confided to this stranger that which an hour before she would have believed no one could force from her lips in articulate speech. And she neither regretted nor was ashamed, although there was time for full realization before Lestrangle answered.

"I did not believe," he said, "that such things could be done. It is nonsense, of course, but such magnificent nonsense! It is the kind of situation, Miss French, where any man is justified in inter-

fering. I beg you will leave the affair in my hands and think no more of such morbid self-sacrifice."

Stupefied, Emily flung back her head, staring at him.

"In *your* hands?"

"Since there are none better, it appears. Why"—his vivid face questioned her full and straightly—"you didn't imagine that any man living could hear what you are doing, and pass on?"

"My uncle knows——"

"Your uncle—is not for me to criticise. But do not ask any other man to let you go on."

Her ideas reeling, she struggled for comprehension.

"You! What could you do?" she marvelled. "The substitute——"

"There won't be any substitute," replied Lestrangle with perfect coolness. "I shall train Dick French to do his work."

"You——"

"I can, and I will."

"He cannot——"

"Oh, yes, he can; he is just idle and spoiled." The firm lips set more firmly. "He shall take his place. I can handle him."

Emily sat quite helplessly, her eyes black with excitement. Slowly recollection flowed back to her of a change in Dick since even his slight contact with Lestrangle; his avoidance of even occasional highballs, his awakening interest in the clean sport of the races, and his half-wistful admiration of the virile driver-manager.

"I almost believe you could," she conceded.

"I can," repeated Lestrangle. "Only," he openly smiled, "it will be hard on Dickie."

It was the touch needed, the antidote to sentiment. Emily laughed with him, laughed in sheer mischief and relief and leap of youth.

"You will be gentle—poor Dickie!"

"I'll be gentle. He is coming now, I think." He took a step nearer her. "You will leave this in my care, wholly?"

"I will leave it with you. But you are forgetting your own doctrine; you are taking some one else's work to do."

"Pardon, I am merely making French do his work. I have seen a little more of him than you perhaps know; I understand what I am undertaking. Moreover, I would forget a great many doctrines to set you free."

"Free!" she echoed; she had the sensation of being suddenly confronted with an open door into the unexpected.

"Free," he quietly reasserted. "Free to live your own life and draw unhampered breath, and to decide the great question when it comes, with thought only of yourself."

She drew back; a prescient dismay fell sharply across her late relief, a panic crossed with strange delight.

"He's off," called Dick, emerging from the park. "I made Anderson take him down with the limousine. At least, Rupert is driving, while Anderson sits alongside and holds on; when they came to the turn in the avenue, your precious mechanician took it full speed, on two wheels, and apologized for going so slowly because he was an amateur and was afraid he might upset. Is he really a good driver, Lestrangle?"

"Pretty fair," returned Lestrangle serenely, from his seat on the edge of the ditched machine. "When I'm not using him, he's employed as one of the factory car testers; and when we're racing I give him the wheel if I want to fix anything. However, I'm obliged to that steering-knuckle for breaking here, instead of leaving me to a long wait in the wilds. Come down to the shop to-morrow morning at six, and Rupert and I will even up by taking you for a run."

"Who, me? You're asking me?"

"Why not? It's exhilarating."

Dick removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, gratification and alarm mingling in his expression with somewhat the effect of the small boy who is first invited into a game with his older brother's clique.

"You—er—would n't smash me up?" he hesitated.

"I have n't smashed up Rupert or myself, so far. If you feel timid, never mind, of course; I'll take my usual companion."

Dick flushed all over his plump face, the French blood up at last.

"I was only joking," he hastily explained. "I'll come, of course. It's only that you're so confoundedly reckless sometimes, Lestrangle, and—— But I'll come."

Lestrangle gave his fine, glinting smile as he rose to salute Emily.

"All right. If you don't get down to the factory in time, I'll call for you," he promised.

V.

THERE was a change in the French affairs, a lightening of the atmosphere, a vague quickening and stir of healthful cheer in the days that followed. The sombre master of the house met it in Bailey's undisguised elation and pride when they discussed the successful business taxing the factory's resources, met it yet again in Emily's pretty gayety and content. But most strikingly was he confronted with an alteration in Dick.

It was only a week after his first morning ride with Lestrangle,

that Dick electrified the company, at dinner, by turning down the glass by his place.

"I've cut out claret, and that sort of thing," he announced. "It's bad for the nerves."

His three companions looked up in complete astonishment. It was Saturday night, and by ancient custom Bailey was dining at the house.

"Have you been attending a revival meeting?" his uncle inquired with sarcasm.

"It's bad for the nerves," repeated Dick. "There is n't any reason why I should n't like to do anything other fellows do. Les—that is, none of the men who drive cars ever touch that stuff, and look at their nerve."

Mr. French contemplated him with the irritation usually produced by the display of ostentatious virtue, but found no comment. Emily gazed at the table, her red mouth curving in spite of all effort at seriousness.

"You're right, Mr. Dick," said Bailey drily. "Stick to it."

And Dick stuck, without a lapse. Frenchwood saw comparatively little of him, as time went on; the village and factory much. He lost some weight, and acquired a coat of reddish tan.

Emily watched and admired in silence. She had not seen Lestrangle again, but it seemed to her that his influence overlay all the life of both house and factory. Sometimes this showed so plainly that she believed Mr. French must see, must feel the silent force at work. But either he did not see or chose to ignore. And Dick was incautious.

"I'm going to buy one of our roadsters myself," he stated one day. "Can I have it at cost?"

Mr. French felt for his pince-nez.

"You? Why do you not use the limousine?"

"Because I don't want to go around in a box driven by a chauffeur. I want a classy car to run, myself. I've been driving some of the stripped cars here lately, and I like it."

"I will give you a car if you want one," answered his uncle, quite kindly. "Go select any you prefer."

"Thank you"—Dick sat up, beaming. "But I'll have to wait my turn—we've orders ahead now. Lestrangle says I've got no right to come in and make some other fellow wait."

Mr. French slowly stiffened.

"We do not require lessons in ethics from this Lestrangle," was the cold rebuke. "I shall telephone Bailey to send up your car at once."

Rupert brought the sixty horse-power roadster to the door, three

hours later. And Emily appreciated that Lestrangle was discreet as well as compelling, when she found the black-eyed young mechanic was detailed to accompany Dick's maiden trips; which duty was fulfilled, incidentally, with the fine tact of a Richelieu.

In May there was a still greater accession of work at the factory. In addition, the first of June was to open with a twenty-four hour race at the Beach track, and Lestrangle was entered for it. Excitement was in the air; Dick came in the house only to eat and sleep.

The day before the race, Mr. French entered the room where his niece was reading.

"I want to see Bailey," he said briefly. "Do you wish to drive me down to the factory, or shall I have Anderson bring around the limousine?"

"Please let us drive," she exclaimed, rising with alacrity. "I have not been to the factory for months."

"Very good. You are looking well, Emily, of late."

Surprised, a soft color swept the face she turned to him.

"I am well. Dear, I think we are all better this spring."

"Perhaps," said Ethan French. His bitter gray eyes passed deliberately over the large room with all its traces of a family life extending back to pre-Colonial times, but he said no more.

It was an exquisite morning, too virginal for June, too richly warm for May. When the two exchanged the sunny road for the factory office, a north room none too light, it was a moment before their dazzled eyes perceived no one was present. This was Bailey's private office, and its owner had passed into the room beyond.

"I will wait," conceded Mr. French, dismissing the boy who had ushered them in. "Sit down, Emily; Bailey will return directly, no doubt."

But Emily had already sat down, for she knew the voice speaking beyond the half-open door, and that long-prevented meeting was now imminent.

"It will not do," Lestrangle was stating definitely. "It should be reinforced."

"It's always been strong enough," Bailey's slower tones objected. "For years. It's not a thing likely to break."

"Not likely to break? Look at last year's record, Mr. Bailey, and tell me that. A broken steering-knuckle killed Brook in Indiana, another sent Little to the hospital in Massachusetts, the same thing wrecked the leader at the last Beach race and dashed him through the fence. Do you know what it means to the driver of a machine hurling itself along the narrow verge of destruction, when the steering wheel suddenly turns useless in his grasp? Can you feel the sick

helplessness, the confronting of death, the compressed second before the crash? Is it worth while to risk it for a bit of costless steel?"

The clear realism of the picture forced a pause, filled by the dull roar and throb through the machinery-crowded building.

"They were not our cars that broke, any of them," Bailey insisted.

"Not our cars, no. But the steering-knuckle of my own machine broke under my hands last March, on the road, and if I had been on a curve instead of a straight stretch there would have been a wreck. As it was, I brought her to a stop in the ditch. There is no other thing which may not leave a fighting chance after it breaks, but that leaves none. I know, you both know, that the steering wheel is the only weapon in the driver's grasp. If it fails him, he goes out, and his mechanician with him."

Emily paled, shrinking. She remembered the road under the maples, and Lestrangle's laughing face as he leaned breathless across his useless wheel. That was what it had meant, then, the lightly treated episode!

"You'd better fix it like he wants it," advised Dick's disturbed tones. "Remember he's got to drive the car Friday and Saturday, Bailey, not us."

"It's not alone for my racer I'm speaking, but for every car that leaves the shop," Lestrangle caught him up. "I'm not flinching; I've driven the car before, and I will again. It may hold forever, that part, but I've tested it and it's a weak point—take the warning for what it's worth."

There was a movement as if he rose with the last word. Emily laid her hand on the arm of the chair, turning her excited dark eyes upon her uncle. Surely if ever Mr. French was to meet his manager, this was the moment; when Lestrangle's ringing argument was still in their ears, his splendid force of earnestness still vibrant in the atmosphere. And suddenly she wanted them to meet, passionately wanted Ethan French's liking for this man.

"Uncle," she began, "uncle——"

But it was not Lestrangle's light step that halted on the threshold.

"Why, I did n't know——" exclaimed Bailey. "Excuse me, Mr. French, they did n't tell me you were down."

He glanced over his shoulder; as he pulled shut the door Emily fancied she heard an echo, as if the two young men left the next room. Bitterly disappointed, she sank back.

"That was your manager with you?" Mr. French frigidly inquired.

"Yes; he went upstairs to see how the new drill is acting." Bailey pulled out a handkerchief and rubbed his brow. "Excuse me, it's warm. Yes, he wants me to strengthen a knuckle—he's spoken con-

siderable about it. I guess he's right; better too much than too little."

"I do not see that follows. I should imagine that you understood building chassis better than this racing driver. You had best consult outside experts in construction before making a change."

"Uncle!" Emily cried.

"There's a twenty-four hour race starts to-morrow night," Bailey suggested uneasily. "It's easy fixed, and we might be wrong."

"We have always made them this way?"

"Yes, but——"

"Consult experts, then. I do not like your manager's tone; he is too assuming. Now let me see those papers."

Emily's parasol slipped to the floor with a sharp crash as she stood up, quite pale and shaken.

"Uncle, Mr. Lestrangle knows," she appealed. "You heard him say what would happen. Please, please let it be fixed."

Amazed, Mr. French looked at her, his face setting.

"You forget your dignity," he retorted in displeasure. "This is mere childishness, Emily. Men will be consulted more competent to decide than this Lestrangle. That will do."

From one to the other she gazed, then turned away.

"I will wait out in the cart," she said. "I—I should rather be outdoors."

Dick French was upstairs, standing with Lestrangle in one of the narrow aisles between lines of grimly efficient machines that bit or cut their way through the steel and aluminum fed to them, when Rupert came to him with a folded visiting card.

"Miss French sent it," was the explanation. "She's sitting out in her horse-motor car, and she called me off the track to ask me to bemean myself by acting like a messenger boy. All right?"

"All right," said Dick, running an astonished eye over the card.

"No answer?"

"No answer."

"Then I'll hurry back to my embroidery. I'm several laps behind in my work already," and the mechanician departed.

"See here, Lestrangle," Dick began, sitting down on a railing beside a machine engaged in notching steel disks into cog-wheels.

"Don't do that!" Lestrangle exclaimed sharply. "Get up, French."

"It's safe enough."

"It's nothing of the kind. The least slip——"

"Oh, well," he reluctantly rose, "if you're going to get fussy. Read what Emily sent up."

Lestrangle accepted the card with a faint flicker of expression.

"Dick, Uncle is making the steering-knuckle wait for expert opin-

ion," the legend ran in pencil. "Have Mr. Bailey strengthen Mr. Lestrangle's car, anyhow. Do not let him race so."

Near them a couple of men were engaged in babbitting bearings, passing ladlefuls of molten metal carelessly back and forth, and splashing hissing drops over the floor. At them Lestrangle gazed in silence, after reading, the card still in his hand.

"Well?" Dick at least queried, sitting down again.

"Have Mr. Bailey do nothing at all," was the deliberate reply. "There is an etiquette of subordination, I believe—this is Mr. French's factory. I've done my part, and we'll think no more of the matter. I may be wrong. But I am more than grateful to Miss French."

"That's all you're going to do?"

"Yes. I wish you would not sit there."

"I'm tired; I won't fall in, and I want to think. We've been a lot together this spring, Lestrangle; I don't like this business about the steering-gear. You go down to the Beach to-morrow?"

"To-night. To-morrow I must put in practising on the track. I should have been down to-day if there had not been so much to do here. Are you coming with me, or not until the evening of the start?"

Dick stirred uncomfortably.

"I don't want to come at all, thank you. I saw you race once."

"You had better get used to it," Lestrangle quietly advised. "The day may come when there is no one to take your place. This factory will be yours, and you will have to look after your own interests. I wish you would come down and represent the company at this race."

"I have n't the head for it."

"I do not agree with you."

Their eyes met in a long regard. Here, in the crowded room of workers, the ceaseless uproar shut in their conversation with a walled completeness of privacy.

"I'm not sure whether you know it, Lestrangle, but you've got me all stirred up since I met you," the younger man confessed plaintively. "You're different from other fellows, and you've made me different. I'd rather be around the factory than anywhere else I know now. But, honestly, I like you too well to watch you race."

"I want you to come."

"I——"

One of the men with a vessel of white, heaving molten metal was trying to pass through. Dick broke his sentence to rise in hasty avoidance, and his foot slipped in a puddle of oil on the floor.

It was so brief in happening that only the workman concerned saw the accident. As Dick fell backward, Lestrangle sprang forward and caught him, fairly snatching him from the greedy teeth. There

was the rending of fabric, a gasping sob from Dick, and, reeling from the recoil, Lestrangle was sent staggering against a flying grindstone.

The workman set down his burden with a recklessness endangering further trouble, active too late.

"Mr. Lestrangle!" he cried.

But Lestrangle had already recovered himself, his right arm crossed with a scorched and bleeding bar where it had touched the sparking stone, and the two young men were standing opposite each other in safety.

"You are not hurt?" was the first question.

"I? I ought to be, but I'm not. Come to a surgeon, Lestrangle. Oh, you told me not to sit there!"

Lestrangle glanced down at the surface-wound, then back at the two pallid faces.

"Go on to your work, Peters," he directed. "I'm all right." And as the man slowly obeyed, "Now will you take my advice and come to the race with me, French?"

"Race! You'd race with that arm?"

"Yes. Are you coming with me?"

Shaken and tremulous, Dick passed a damp hand across his forehead.

"I think you're mad to stand talking here. Come to the office, for heaven's sake. And I'd be ground up there if you had n't caught me"—he looked toward the jaws sullenly shredding and reshredding a strip of cloth from his sleeve. "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you?" Lestrangle flashed quickly. He flung back his head with the resolute setting of expression the other knew so well, his eyes brilliant with a resolve that took no heed of physical discomfort. "Then give me your word that you'll stick to your work here. That is my fear: that the change in you is just a mood you'll tire of some day. I want you to stand up to your work and not drop out disqualified."

"I will," said Dick, subdued and earnest. "I can't help doing it. Your arm——"

Lestrangle impatiently dragged out his handkerchief and wound it around the cut.

"Go on."

"I can't help keeping on. I could n't go back now; you've got me awake. No one else ever tried, and I was having a good time. It began with liking you and thinking of all you did, and feeling funny alongside of you." He paused, struggling with Anglo-Saxon shyness. "I'm awfully fond of you, old fellow."

The other's gray eyes warmed and cleared; smiling, he held out his left hand.

"It's mutual," he assured. "It is n't playing the game to trap you while you are upset like this. But I don't believe you'll be sorry. Come find some one to tie this up for me; I can't have it stiff to-morrow."

But, in spite of his professed haste, Lestrangle stopped at the head of the stairs and went back to recover some small object lying on the floor beneath a pool of chilling metal. When he rejoined Dick, it was to linger yet a moment to look back across the teeming room.

"It's worth having, all this," he commented, with the first touch of sadness the other ever had seen in him. "Don't throw it away, French."

There is usually a surgeon within reach of a factory. When Mr. French passed out to the cart where Emily waited, he passed Dick and the village physician entering. The elder gentleman put on his glasses to survey his nephew's white face.

"An accident?" he inquired.

The casual curiosity was sufficiently exasperating, and Dick's nerves were badly gone.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he snapped. "Just that I nearly fell into the machinery, and Lestrangle has done up his arm pulling me out. That's all."

And he hurried the doctor on without further parley or excuse.

Lestrangle was in the room behind the office, smoking one of Bailey's cigars and listening to that gentleman's vigorous remarks concerning managers who could n't keep out of their own machinery: the patient not having considered it worth while to explain Dick's share in the mischance—an omission which Dick himself promptly remedied in his anxious contrition.

Later, when the arm was being swathed in white linen, its owner spoke to his companion of the morning:

"I hope you did n't annoy Miss French with this trifling matter, as you came in."

"I did n't speak to her at all; only to my uncle."

"Very good."

Something in the too indolent tone roused Dick's usually dormant observation. Startled, he scrutinized Lestrangle.

"Is that why you bothered yourself with me?" he stammered. "Is that why——"

"Shut up," warned Lestrangle forcibly and inelegantly. "That is n't tight enough, Doc—you know I'm experienced at this sort of thing, and I'm going to use this arm."

But Dick was not to be silenced in his new enlightenment. When the surgeon momentarily turned away, he leaned nearer, his plump face grim.

"If I brace up, it won't be for Emily, but for you, Darling Lestrangle," he whispered viciously. "She doesn't want me, and I don't want her, that way. I've got over that. And—and—oh, confound it, I'm sorry, old man!"

"Shut up," said Lestrangle again.

But if Dick's very sympathy unconsciously showed the hopeless chasm between the racing driver and Miss French, the hurt did not cloud the cordial smile Lestrangle sent to mitigate his command.

VI.

EMILY first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down to-night on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "To-morrow morning he'll spend practising on the track, and to-morrow evening at six the race starts. And Lestrangle starts crippled because I am a clumsy idiot. He laughs at me, but—he'd do that anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Emily. "He would do that anyhow." Her eyes were wide and terrified, the little hands she clasped in her lap were quite cold. "I wish, I *wish*, he had never come to this place."

"Oh, you do?" Dick said oddly. "Maybe he will, too, before he gets through with us. We're a nasty lot, we Frenches; a lot of blue-blooded snobs without any red blood in us. Are you going to say good-by to me? I won't be home until it's over."

She looked at him, across the odorous dusk slowly silvering as the moon rose.

"You are going to be with him?"

Dick smoothed his leggings before standing up, surveying his strict motor costume with a gloomy pride not to be concealed.

"Yes; I'm representing our company. Lestrangle might want some backing if any disputes turned up. Uncle Ethan nearly had a fit when Bailey told him what I was going to do; he called me Richard for the first time in my life. I guess I'll be some good yet, if every one except Lestrangle *did* think I was a chump."

"I am very sure you will," she answered gently. "Good-by, Dick; you look very nice."

When he reached the foot of the steps, her voice recalled him, as she stood leaning over the rail.

"Dick, you could not make him give it up—not race this time?" He stared up at her white figure.

"No, I could not. Don't you suppose I tried?"

"I suppose you did," she admitted, and went back to her seat.

The June night was very quiet. Once a sleepy bird stirred in

the honeysuckle vines and chirped through the dark. Far below, the throb of a motor passed down the road, dying away again to leave silence. Suddenly Emily French hid her face on the arm of her chair and the tears overflowed.

There was no consciousness of time while that inarticulate passion of dread spent itself. But it was nearly half an hour later when she started up at the echo of a light step on the gravel path, dashing her handkerchief across her eyes.

It was incredible, but it was true: Lestrangle himself was standing before her at the foot of the low stairs, the moonlight glinting across his uncovered bronze head and bright, clear face.

"I beg pardon for trespass, Miss French," he said, "but your cousin tells me he has been saying a great deal of nonsense to you about this race, and that you were so very good as to feel some concern regarding it. Really, I had to run up and set that right; I could n't leave you to be annoyed by Mr. French's nerves. Will you forgive me?"

Like sun through a mist his blithe voice clove through her distress. Before the tranquil sanity of his regard, her painted terrors suddenly showed as the artificial canvas scenes of a stage, unreal, untrue.

"It was like you to come," she answered, with a shaking sigh that was half a sob. "I was frightened, yes."

"There was no cause. A dozen other men take the same chance as Rupert and I; the driver who alternates with me, for instance. This is our life."

"Your arm——"

"Is well enough." He laughed a little. "You will see many a bandaged arm before the twenty-four hours are up. Few of us finish without a scratch or strain or blister. This is a man's game, but it's not half so destructive as football. You wished me good luck for the Georgia race; will you repeat the honor before I go back to French?"

"I wish you," she said unsteadily, "every kind of success, now and always. You saved Dick to-day—of all else you have done for him and me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt, and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there who caused it."

Lestrangle hesitated, himself troubled. Her soft loveliness in the delicate light that left her eyes in unreadable depths of shadow, her timidity and anxiety for his safety, were from their very unconsciousness most dangerous. And while he grasped at self-control, she came still nearer to the head of the steps and held out her small, fair hand, mistaking his silence for leave-taking.

"Good-night; and I thank you for coming. I am not used to so much consideration."

Her accents were unsure when she would have made them most certain. With her movement the handkerchief fell from her girdle to his feet. Mechanically Lestrangle recovered the bit of linen, and felt it lie wet in his fingers. Wet——

"Emily!" he cried abruptly, and sprang the brief step between them.

Her white, terrified face turned to him in the moonlight, but he saw her eyes; and, seeing, he kissed her.

The moment left no time for speech. Some one was coming down the drawing-room toward the long windows, Dick's impatient whistle sounded shrilly from the park. Panting, quivering, Emily drew from the embrace and fled within.

She had no doubt of Lestrangle, no question of his serious meaning—he had that force of sincerity which made his silence more convincing than the protestations of others. But alone in her room she laid her cheek against the hand his had touched.

"I wish I had died in the convent!" she cried to her heart. "I wish I had died before I made him unhappy too."

VII.

MORNING found a pale and languid Emily across the breakfast table from Mr. French. Yet, by a contradiction of the heart, her pride in loving and being loved so overbore the knowledge that only sorrow could result to herself and Lestrangle, that her eyes shone wide and lustrous and her lips curved softly.

Mr. French was almost in high spirits.

"The boy was merely developing," he stated, over his grapefruit. "I have been unjust to Richard. For two months Bailey has been talking of his interest in the business and attendance at the factory, but I was incredulous. Although I fancied I observed a change—have you observed a change in him, Emily?"

"Yes," Emily confirmed; "a very great change. He has grown up at last."

"Ah? I cannot express to you how it gratifies me to have a French representing me in public; have you seen the morning journals?"

"I have just come downstairs."

He picked up the newspaper beside him and passed across the folded page.

"*All in readiness for Beach Contest,*" the headlines ran. "*Last big driver to arrive. Lestrangle is in Mercury camp, with R. French, representative of Company.*"

And there was a blurred picture of a speeding car with driver and mechanic masked to goblinsque non-identity, with underneath

the legend: "'Darling' Lestrangle in his Mercury on the Georgia course."

"Next year I shall make him part owner. It was always my poor brother's desire to have the future name still French & French. He was not thinking of Richard then; he had hope of——"

Emily lifted her gaze from the picture, recalled to attention by the break.

"Of?" she echoed vaguely.

"Of one who is unworthy of thought. Richard has redeemed our family from extinction; that is at rest." He paused for an instant. "My dear child, when you are married and established, I shall be content."

Her breathing quickened, her courage rose to the call of the moment.

"If Dick is here, instead of a substitute," she said, carefully quiet in manner, "would it matter, since I am only a girl, whom I married, Uncle Ethan?"

The recollection of that evening when Emily had given her promise of aid stirred under Mr. French's self-absorption. He looked across at her colorless, eager face with perhaps his first thought of what that promise might have cost her.

"No," he replied kindly. "It is part of my satisfaction that you are set free to follow your own choice, without thought of utility or fortune. Of course, I need not say, provided the man is of your own class and associations. We will fear no more low marriages."

She had known it before, but it was hard to hear the sentence embodied in words. Emily folded her hands over the paper in her lap, and the pleasant breakfast room darkened before her. Mr. French continued speaking of Dick, unheard.

When the long meal was ended, and her uncle withdrew to meet Bailey in the library, Emily escaped outdoors. There was a quaint summer-house part way down the park, an ancient white pavilion standing beside the brook that gurgled by on its way to the Hudson, where the young girl often passed her hours. She went there now, carrying her work-basket and the paper containing the picture of Lestrangle.

"I will save it," was her thought. "Perhaps I may find better ones—this does not show his face—but I will have this now. It may be a long time before I see him."

But she sat with the embroidery scissors in her hand, nevertheless, without cutting the reprint. Lestrangle would return to the factory, she never doubted, and all would continue as before, except that she must not see him. He would understand that it was not possible for anything else to happen, at least for many years. Perhaps, after Dick was married——

The green and gold beauty of the morning hurt her with the memory of that other sunny morning, when he had so easily taken from her the task she hated and strove to bear. And he had succeeded—how he had succeeded! Who else in the world could have so transformed Dick? Leaning on the table, her round chin in her palm as she gazed down at the paper in her lap, her fancy slipped back to that night on the Long Island road, when she had first seen his serene genius for setting all things right. How like him that elimination of Dick, instead of a romantic and impracticable attempt to escort her himself.

A bush crackled stiffly at some one's passage; a shadow fell across her.

"Caught!" laughed Lestrangle's glad, exultant voice. "Since you look at the portrait, how shall the original fear to present himself. See, I can match"—he held out a card burned and streaked with dull red. "The first time I saw your writing, and found my own name there."

Amazed, Emily sat up, and met in his glowing face all incarnate joy of life and youth.

"Oh!" she gasped piteously.

"You are surprised that I am here? My dear, my dear, after last night did you think I could be anywhere else?"

"The race——"

"I know that track too well to need much practice, and I had the machine out at dawn. My partner is busy practising this morning, and I'll be back in a couple of hours. I was afraid"—the gray eyes were so gentle in their brilliancy—"I was afraid you might worry, Emily."

So serenely he assumed possession of her, and the assumption was so sweet. He had not touched her, yet Emily had the sensation of brutally thrusting him away when she spoke.

"How could I do anything else," she asked with desolation, "since we must never meet each other any more? Only, you will not go far away—you will stay where I can sometimes see you as we pass? I—I think I could not bear it to have you go away."

"Emily!"

The scissors clinked to the floor as she held out her hands in deprecation of his cry; the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You know, you know! I am not free; I am Emily French. I cannot fail my uncle and grieve him as his son did. Oh, I will never marry any one else, and we shall hear of each other; I can read in the papers, and Dick will tell me of you. It will be something to be so close, down there and up here."

"Emily!"

"You are not angry? You will not be angry? You know I can do nothing else—please say you know."

He came nearer and took both cold little hands in his clasp, bending to her the shining gravity of his regard.

"Did you think me such a selfish animal, my dear, that I should have kissed you when I could not claim you?" he asked. "Did you think I could forget you were Emily French, even by moonlight?"

Her fair head fell back, her dark eyes questioned his.

"You—mean——"

"I mean that even your uncle cannot deny my inherited quality of gentleman. I am no millionaire incognito; I have driven racing cars and managed this factory to earn my living, having no other dependence than upon myself, but my blood is as old as yours, little girl, if that means anything."

"Not to me," she said. "Not to me, but to him. I cared for you——"

He drew her toward him, unresisting, their gaze still upon each other. As from the first, there was no shyness between them, but the strange, exquisite understanding now made perfect.

"I was right to come to you," he declared, after a time. "Right to fear that you were troubled, conscientious lady. But I must go back, or there will be a fine disturbance at the Beach. And I have shattered my other plans to insignificant fragments, or you have. If I did not forget by moonlight that you were Emily French, I certainly forgot everything else."

She looked up at him, her softly tinted face bright as his own, her yellow hair rumped into flossy tendrils under the black velvet ribbon binding it.

"Everything else?" she echoed. "Is there anything else but this?"

"Nothing that counts, to me. You for my own, and this good world to live in—I stand bareheaded before it all. But yet I told you once that I had a purpose to accomplish; a purpose now very near completion. In a few months I meant to leave Frenchwood."

Emily gave a faint cry.

"Yes, for my work would have been done. Then I fell in love and upset everything. When I tell Mr. French that I want you, I shall have to leave at once."

"Why? You said——"

"How brave are you, Emily?" he asked. "I said your uncle could not question my name or birth, but I did not say he would want to give you to me. Nor will he, unless I am mistaken. Are you going to be brave enough to come to me, knowing he has no right to complain, since you and I have given him Dick?"

"He does not know you; how can you tell he does not like you?" she argued.

"Do you think he likes 'Darling' Lestrangle of the race course?" The keen demand disconcerted her.

"I hear a little, down there," he added. "I have not been fortunate with your kinsman. No, it is for you to say whether Ethan French's unjust caprice is a bar between us. To me it is none."

"I thought there was to be no more trouble," she faltered, distressed.

Lestrangle looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen.

"Have I no right?" was his question. "Is there no cancelling of a claim and subsequent freedom? Is it all no use, Emily?"

Vaguely awed and frightened, her fingers tightened on his arm in a panic of surrender.

"I will come to you, I will come! You know what is right—I trust you to tell me. Forgive me, I wanted to——"

He silenced her, all the light flashing back to his face.

"A promise; hush! Oh, I shall win to-night with that singing in my ears. I have more to say to you, but not now. I must see Bailey, somehow, before I go."

"He is at the house; let me send him here to you."

"If you will come back with him."

They laughed together.

"I will. Do you know"—her color deepened rosily—"they all call you 'Darling'; I never heard your own name."

"My name is David," Lestrangle said quietly, and kissed her for farewell.

The earth danced under Emily's feet as she ran across the lawns; the sun glowed warm, the brook tinkled over the cascades in a very madness of mirth. At the head of the veranda steps she turned to look once more at the roof of the white pavilion among the locust trees.

"Uncle will like you when he knows you," she laughed in her heart. "Any one *must* like you."

The servant she met in the hall said that Mr. Bailey had gone out, and Mr. French also, but separately, the former having taken the short route across toward the factory. That way Emily went in pursuit, intending to overtake him with her pony-cart.

But upon reaching the stables, past which the path ran, she found Bailey himself engaged in an inspection of the limousine in company with the chauffeur.

"You'll have to look into her differential, Anderson," he was pronouncing, when the young girl came beside him.

"Come, please," she urged breathlessly.

"Come?" repeated Bailey, wheeling with his slow, benevolent smile. "Sure, Miss Emily; where?"

She shook her head, not replying until they were safely outside; then:

"To Mr. Lestrangle—he is in the pavilion. He wants to see you."

"To Lestrangle!" he almost shouted, halting. "Lestrangle here?"

"Yes. There is time, he says there is time. He is going back as soon as he sees you."

"But what's he doing here? What does he mean by risking his neck without any practice?"

"He came to see me," she whispered, and stood confessed.

"God!" said Bailey, quite reverently, after a moment of speechless stupefaction. "You, and him!"

She lifted confiding eyes to him, moving nearer.

"It is a secret, but I wanted you to know because you like us both. Dick said you loved Mr. Lestrangle."

"Yes," was the dazed assent.

"Well, then—— But come, he is waiting."

She was sufficiently unlike the usual Miss French to bewilder any one. Bailey dumbly followed her back across the park, carrying his hat in his hand.

A short distance from the pavilion Emily stopped abruptly, turning a startled face to her companion.

"Some one is there," she said. "Some one is speaking. I forgot that Uncle Ethan had gone out."

She heard Bailey catch his breath oddly. Her own pulses began to beat with heavy irregularity, as a few steps further brought the two opposite the open arcade. There they halted, frozen.

In the place Emily had left, where all her feminine toys still lay, Mr. French was seated as one exhausted by the force of overmastering emotion; his hands clenched on the arms of the chair, his face drawn with passion. Opposite him stood Lestrangle, colorless and still as Emily had never conceived him, listening in absolute silence to the bitter address pouring from the other's lips with a low-toned violence indescribable.

"I told you, then, never again to come here," first fell upon Emily's conscious hearing. "I supposed you were at least French enough to take a dismissal. What do you want here, money? I warned you to live upon the allowance sent every month to your bankers, for I would pay no more, even to escape the intolerable disgrace of your presence here. Did you imagine me so deserted that I would even accept you as a successor? Wrong; you are not missed. My nephew Richard takes your place, and is fit to take it. Go back to Europe and your low-born wife! There is no lack in my household."

The voice broke in an excess of savage triumph, and Lestrangle took the pause without movement or gesture.

"I am going, sir, and I will never come back," he answered, never more quietly. "I can take a dismissal, yes. If ever I have wished peace or hoped for an accord that never existed between us, I go cured of such folly. But hear this much, since I am arraigned at your bar: I have never yet disgraced your name and mine unless by the boy's mischief which sent me from college. The money you speak of, I have never used; ask Bailey of it, if you will." He hesitated, and in the empty moment there came across the mile of June air the roaring noon whistle of the factory. Involuntarily, he turned his head toward the call, but as instantly recovered himself from the self-betrayal. "There is another matter to be arranged, but there is no time now. Nor even in concluding it will I come here again, sir."

There was that in his bearing, in the dignified carefulness of courtesy with which he saluted the other before turning to go, which checked even Ethan French. But as Lestrangle crossed the threshold of the little building, Emily ran from the thicket to meet him, her eyes a dark splendor in her white face, her hands outstretched.

"Not like this!" she panted. "Not without seeing me! Oh, I might have guessed——"

His vivid color and animation returned as he caught her to him.

"You dare? My dear, my dear, not even a question? There is no one like you. Say, shall I take you now, or send Dick for you after the race?"

Mr. French exclaimed some inarticulate words, but neither heard him.

"Send Dick," Emily answered, her eyes on the gray eyes above her. "Send Dick. I understand, I will come."

He kissed her once, then she drew back and he went down the terraces toward the gates. As Emily sank down on the bench by the pavilion door, Bailey brushed past her, running after the straight, lithe figure that went steadily on out of sight among the huge trees planted and tended by five generations of Frenches.

When the vistas of the park were empty, Emily slowly turned to face her uncle.

"You love David French?" he asked, his voice thin and harsh.

"Yes," she answered. She had no need to ask if Lestrangle were meant.

"He is married to some woman of the music-halls."

"No."

"How do you know? He has told you?"

She lifted to him the superb confidence of her glance, although nervous tremors shook her in wavelike succession.

"If he had been married, he would not have made me care for him. He has asked me to be his wife."

They were equally strange to each other in these new characters, and equally spent by emotion. Neither moving, they sat opposite each other in silence. So Bailey found them when he came back later, to take his massive stand in the doorway, his hands in his pockets and his strong jaw set.

"I think that things are kind of mixed up here, Mr. French," he stated grimly. "I guess I'm the one to straighten them out a bit; I've loved Mr. David from the time he was a kid, and never saw him get a square deal yet. You asked him what he was doing here. I'll tell you: he is Lestrangle."

There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. French looked back at his partner, mute.

"He is Lestrangle. He never meant you to know; he'd have left without your ever knowing, but for Miss Emily. I guess I don't need to remind you of what he's done; if it had n't been for him, we might have closed our doors some day. He understands the business as none of us back-number, old-fashioned ones do; he took hold and shook some life into it. We can make cars, but he can make people buy them. Advertising! Why, just that fool picture he drew on the back of a pad, one day, of a row of thermometers up to 140°, with the sign 'Mercuries are at the top,' made more people notice!" Bailey cleared his throat. "He was always making people notice, and laughing while he did it. He's risked his neck on every course going, to bring our cars in first; he's lent his fame as a racing driver to help us along. And now everything is fixed the way we want, he's thrown out. What did he do it for? He thought he needed to square accounts with you, for being born, I suppose; so when he heard how things were going with us he came to me and offered his help. At least, that's what he said. I believe he came because he could n't bear to see the place go under."

There was a skein of blue silk swinging over the edge of the table. Mr. French picked it up and replaced it in Emily's work-basket before replying.

"If this remarkable story is true——" he began, accurately precise in accent.

"You don't need me to tell you it is," retorted Bailey. "You know what my new manager's been doing; why, you disliked him without seeing him, but you had to admit his good work. And I heard you talking about his allowance, Mr. French. He never touched it, not from the first; it piled up for six years, until last April, when we needed cash in a hurry and he drew it out and gave it to me to buy aluminum. When he left here first, he drove a taxicab in New York City until he got into racing work and made Darling Lestrangle famous

all over the continent. I guess it went pretty hard for a while; if he'd been the things you called him, he'd have gone to the devil in New York alone. But—he did n't."

An oriole darted in one arcade and out again with a musical whir of wings. The clink of glass and silver sounded from the house windows with a pleasant cheeriness and suggestion of comfort and plenty.

"He made good," Bailey concluded thoughtfully. "But it sounded queer to me to hear you tell him you did n't want him around because Mr. Dick took his place. I know, and Miss Emily knows, that Dick French was no use on earth for any place until Mr. David took him in hand and made him fit to live. That's all, I guess, that I had to say. I'll get back to work." He turned, but paused to glance back. "It's going to be pretty dull around the factory for me. And, between us, we're sent Lestrangle to the track with a nice set of nerves."

His retreating footsteps died away to leave the noon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other; the crumpled newspaper where Lestrangle's name showed in heavy type still lying on the floor between them.

The effect of Bailey's final sentence had been to leave Emily dizzied by apprehension. But when Mr. French rose and passed out, she aroused to look up at him eagerly.

"Uncle," she faltered.

Disregarding or not seeing her outstretched hand, he went on and left her there alone. And then Emily dared rescue the newspaper.

"A substitute," she whispered. "A substitute," and laid her wet cheek against the pictured driver.

No one lunched at the French home that day, except the servants. Near three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. French came back to the pavilion where Emily still sat.

"Go change your gown," he commanded, in his usual tone. "We will start now. I have sent for Bailey and ordered Anderson to bring the automobile."

"Start?" she wondered, bewildered.

He met her gaze with a stately repulsion of comment.

"For the Beach. I understand this race lasts twenty-four hours. Have you any objection?"

VIII.

Six o'clock was the hour set for the start of the Beach race. And it was just seventeen minutes past five when Dick French, hanging in a frenzy of anxiety over the paddock fence circling the inside of the mile oval, uttered something resembling a howl and rushed to the gate to signal his recreant driver. From the opposite side of

the track, Lestrangle waved gay return, making his way through the officials and friends who pressed around him to shake hands or slap his shoulder caressingly, jesting and questioning, calling directions and advice. A brass band played noisily in the grand-stand, where the crowd heaved and surged; the racing machines were roaring in their camps.

"What's the matter? Where were you?" cried Dick, when at last Lestrangle crossed the course to the central field. "The cars are going out now for the preliminary run. Rupert's nearly crazy, snarling at everybody, and the other man has been getting ready to start instead of you."

"Well, he can get unready," smiled Lestrangle. "Keep cool, French; I've got half an hour, and I could start now. I'm ready."

He was ready; clad in the close-fitting khaki costume whose immaculate daintiness gave no hint of the certainty that before the first six hours ended it would be a wreck of yellow dust and oil. As he paused in running an appraising glance down the street-like row of tents, the white-clothed driver of a spotless white car shot out on his way to the track, but halted opposite the latest arrival to stretch down a cordial hand.

"I hoped a trolley-car had bitten you," he shouted. "The rest of us would have more show if you got lost on the way, Darling."

The boyish driver at the next tent looked up as they passed, and came over grinning to give his clasp.

"Get a move on; what you been doin' all day, dear child? They've been givin' your manager *sal volatile* to hold him still." He nodded at the agitated Dick in ironic commiseration.

"Go get out your car, Darling; I want to beat you," chaffed the next in line.

"Strike up the band, here comes a driver," sang another, with an entrancing French accent.

Laughing, retorting, shaking hands with each comrade rival, Lestrangle went down the row to his own tent. At his approach, a swarm of mechanics from the factory stood back from the long, low gray car, the driver who was to relieve him during the night and day ordeal slipped down from the seat and unmasked.

"He's here," announced Dick superfluously. "Rupert—where's Rupert? Don't tell me *he's* gone now! Lestrangle—"

But Rupert was already emerging from the tent with Lestrangle's gauntlets and cap, his expression a study in the sardonic.

"It hurts me fierce to think how you must have hurried," he observed. "Did you walk both ways, or only all three? I'm no Eve, but I'd give a snake an apple to know where you've been all day."

"Would you?" queried Lestrangle provokingly, clasping the goggles

before his laughing eyes. "Well, I've spent the last two hours on the Coney Island beach, about three squares from here, watching the kiddies play in the sand. I did n't feel like driving just then. It was mighty soothing, too."

Rupert stared at him, a dry, unwilling smile slowly crinkling his dark face.

"Maybe, Darling," he drawled, and turned to make his own preparations.

Fascinated and useless, Dick looked on at the methodical flurry of the next few moments; until Lestrangle was in his seat and Rupert swung in beside him. Then a gesture summoned him to the side of the machine.

"I'll run in again before we race, of course," said Lestrangle to him, above the deafening noise of the motor. "Be around here; I want to see you."

Rupert leaned out, all good-humor once more as he pointed to the machine.

"Got a healthy talk, what?" he exulted.

The car darted forward.

A long round of applause welcomed Lestrangle's swooping advent on the track. Handkerchiefs and scarfs were waved; his name passed from mouth to mouth.

"Popular, ain't he?" chuckled a mechanic next to Dick. "They don't forget that Georgia trick, no, sir."

It was not many times that the cars could circle the track. Quarter of six blew from whistles and klaxons, signal flags sent the cars to their camps for the last time before the race.

"Come here," Lestrangle beckoned to Dick, as he brought his machine shuddering to a standstill before the tent. "Here, close—we've got a moment while they fill tanks."

He unhooked his goggles and leaned over as Dick came beside the wheel, the face so revealed bright and quiet in the sunset glow of color.

"One never knows what may happen," he said. "I'd rather tell you now than chance your feeling afterward that I did n't treat you quite squarely in keeping still. I hope you won't take it as hardly as my father: we've been good chums, you and I. I'm your cousin, David French."

The moment furnished no words. Dick leaned against the car, absolutely limp.

"Of course I'm not going back to Frenchwood. After this race I shall go to the Duplex Company; I used to be with them, and they've wanted me back. Your company can get along without me, now all is running well—indeed, Mr. French has dismissed me." His firm lip bent a little more firmly. "The work I was doing is in your

hands and Bailey's; see it through. Unless you too want to break off with me, we'll have more time to talk over this."

"Break off!" Dick straightened his chubby figure. "Break off with you, Les——"

"Go on. My name is Lestrangle now and always."

A shriek from the official klaxon summoned the racers. Rupert swung back to his seat. Dick reached up his hand.

"I'm glad you're my kin, Lestrangle," he said. "I've liked you anyhow, but I'm glad. And I don't care what rot they say of you. Take care of yourself."

Lestrangle bared his hand to return the clasp, his warm smile flashing to his cousin; then the swirl of preparation swept between them, and Dick next saw him as one of the throbbing, flaming row of machines before the judges' stand.

It was not a tranquillizing experience for an amateur to witness the start, when the fourteen powerful cars sprang simultaneously for the first curve, struggling for possession of the narrow track in a wheel to wheel contest where one mistouch meant the wreck of many. After that first view, Dick sat weakly down on an oil barrel and watched the race in a state of fascinated endurance.

The golden and violet sunset melted pearl-like into the black cup of night. The glare of many search-lights made the track a glistening band of white around which circled the cars, themselves gemmed with white and crimson lamps. The cheers of the people as the lead was taken by one favorite or another, the hum of voices, the music and uproar of the machines, blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once ultra-modern and classic in antiquity of conception.

At eight o'clock Lestrangle came flying in, sent off the track to have a lamp relighted.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the sixty seconds of the stop, and laughed openly at Dick's expression while he took the cup.

"Why did n't you light it out there?" asked the novice, infected by the speed fever around him.

"Forgot our matches," Rupert flung over his shoulder, as they dashed out again.

An oil-smeared mechanic patronizingly explained:

"You can't have cars manicuring all over the course and people tripping over 'em. You get sent off to light up, and if you don't go they fine you laps made."

Machines darted in and out from their camps at intervals, each waking a frenzy of excitement among men. At ten o'clock the Mercury car came in again, this time limping with a flat tire, to be fallen upon by a horde of mechanics.

"We're leading, but we'll lose by this," said Lestrangle, slipping out to relax and meditatively contemplating the other driver, who was standing across the camp. "French, at twelve I'll have to come to rest some, and turn my machine over to the other man. And I won't have him wrecking it for me. I want you, as owner, to give him orders to do no speeding; let him hold a fifty-two mile an hour average until I take the wheel again."

"Me?"

"I can't do it. You, of course."

"You could," Dick answered. "I've been thinking how you and I will run that factory together. It's all stuff about your going away; why should you? You and your father take me as junior partner; you know I'm not big enough for anything else."

"You're man's size," Lestrangle assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But—it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, ever."

"All on!" a dozen voices signalled; men scattered in every direction as Lestrangle sprang to his place.

The hours passed on the wheels of excitement and suspense. When Lestrangle came in again, only a watch convinced Dick that it was midnight.

"You gave the order?" Lestrangle asked.

"Yes."

He descended, taking off his mask and showing a face white with fatigue under the streaks of dust and grime.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he nodded, in answer to Dick's exclamation. "Send some one for coffee, will you? Rupert needs some, too. Here, one of you others, ask one of those idle doctor's apprentices to come over with a fresh bandage; my arm's a trifle untidy."

In fact, his right sleeve was wet and red, where the strain of driving had reopened the day before's injury. But he would not allow Dick to speak of it.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two resting. Come in, French, and we'll chat in the intervals, if you like."

"And Rupert? Where's he?" Dick wondered, peering into the dark with a vague impression of lurking dangers on every side.

"He's hurried in out of the night air," reassured familiar accents; a small figure lounged across into the light, making vigorous use of a dripping towel. "Tell Darling I feel faint, and I'm going over to that grandstand café à la car to get some pie. I'll be back in time to read over my last lesson from the chauffeurs' correspondence school. Oh, see what's here!"

A messenger boy had come up to Dick.

"Richard French?" he verified. "Sign, please."

The message was from New York.

"All coming down," Dick read. "Limousine making delay. Wire me St. Royal of race. Bailey."

Far from pleased, he wrote the desired answer and gave it to the boy to be sent. But he thrust the yellow envelope into his pocket, before turning to the tent where Lestrangle was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surgeon hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristically spent. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, Lestrangle dropped on a cot in the back of the tent and pushed a roll of motor garments behind his head for a pillow. There he intermittently spoke to his companion of whatever the moment suggested; listening to every sound of the race and interspersing acute comment, starting up whenever the voice of his own machine hinted that the driver was disobeying instructions or the klaxon gave warning of trouble. But through it all Dick gathered much of the family story.

"My mother was a Californian," Lestrangle once said, coming back from a tour of inspection. "She was twenty times as much alive as any French who ever existed, I've been told. I fancy she passed that quality on to me—you know she died when I was born—for I nearly drove the family mad. They expected the worst of me, and I gave the best worst I had. But"—he turned to Dick the clear candor of his smile—"it was rather a decent worst, I honestly believe. The most outrageous thing I ever did was to lead a set of seniors in hoisting a cow into the Dean's library, one night, and so get myself expelled from college."

"A cow?" the other echoed.

"A fat cow, and it moored." He stuffed the pillow into a more comfortable situation. "Is that our car running in? No, it's just passing. If Frank does n't wreck my machine, I'll get this race. And then, the same week, my chum and roommate ran away with a Doraflora girl of some variety show and married her. I was romantic myself at twenty-one, so I helped him through with it. He was wealthy, and she was pretty; it seemed to fit. I believe they've stayed married ever since, by the way. But somehow the reporters got affairs mixed and published me as the bridegroom. Have you got a cigar? I smoke about three times a year, and this is one of them. Yes, there was a fine scene when I went home that night—a Broadway melodrama. I lost my temper easier then; by the time my father and uncle gave me time to speak, I was too angry to defend myself and set them right. I supposed they would learn the truth by the next day, anyhow. And I left home for good in a dinner-coat and raglan, with something under ten dollars in odd change. What's that?"

"That" was the harsh alarm of the official klaxon, coupled with

the cry of countless voices. The ambulance gong clanged as Lestrangle sprang to his feet and reached the door.

"Which car?" he called.

Rupert answered first:

"Not ours. Number eight's burning up after a smash on the far turn."

"Jack's car," identified Lestrangle, and stood for an instant. "Go flag Frank; I'll take the machine again myself. It's one o'clock, and I've got to win this race."

Several men ran across to the track in compliance. Lestrangle turned to make ready, but paused beside the awed Dick to look over the infield toward the flaming blotch against the dark sky.

"He was in to change a tire ten minutes ago," observed Rupert, beside them. "'Tell Lestrangle I'm doin' time catchin' him,'" he yelled to me. Here's hoping his bronco of a machine pitched him clear from the fireworks."

When the Mercury car swung in, a few moments later, Lestrangle lingered for a last word to Dick.

"I'm engaged to Emily," he said gravely. "I don't know what she will hear of me; if anything happens, I've told you the truth. I'm old enough to see it now. And I tried to square things."

IX.

IN the delicate, fresh June dawn, the Frenches' limousine crept into the Beach enclosure.

"We're here," said Bailey, to his travelling companions. "You can't park the car front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grand-stand seats."

Mr. French got out in silence and assisted Emily to descend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veils.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.

"Number seven all right?" he asked.

"On the track, Lestrangle driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey led the way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it. Of the fourteen cars starting, nine were still circling their course, one temporarily in its camp for supplies.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanic rising in his seat to catch the pendent linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved, almost facing the infield fence, and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out; Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" drily queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a mighty pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, to earn his living, only we did n't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrangle around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was not five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked, and gasoline-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began, before he reached them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrangle holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It did n't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrangle with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned.

Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that heap of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and sent its driver and mechanic to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrangle is n't fit and makes a miscue, we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"No!" Emily cried piteously.

Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologized. "Don't go off; Lestrangle swears he feels fine, and gibes at me for worrying. Don't look like that."

"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. French stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York

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for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."

Stunned, his nephew stared at him.

"Withdraw!"

"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrangle that way, send Bailey. And I say, it's a confounded shame."

"Richard!"

His round face ablaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good last night, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrangle when he's winning—I won't do it, I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocrat of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confronted with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Ethan French opened his lips, and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone, and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I?" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe——"

Her voice died out as Lestrangle's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet she knew Lestrangle.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said. "Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veils across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick; you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause. "I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on. For David French was wiped out to make Darling Lestrangle."

Having left the decision to Emily, it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish. Nor did he reply to Bailey's reminder of who had sent David French to the track. But he did adopt the suggestion to look on; and there was sufficient to see.

When Lestrangle came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt; the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."

"Emily?" echoed Lestrangle, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; I'm glued fast," Rupert confided, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to a neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."

So, resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrangle wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered at her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here [she read]. It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner-table to-night.

DAVID.

Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone; Lestrangle's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden; the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look."

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grandstand, he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed rosily, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends, now."

Dick went back.

The hours passed. One more car went out of the race under the grinding test, there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, tolerating no protests, but he himself never left his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot toward afternoon, a heat rather of July than of June. After a visit to his camp, Lestrangle reappeared without the suffocating mask and cap; driving bareheaded, with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dust and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimsoned bandage on his right arm, and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for nineteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of connoisseurs; motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers; they knew what was being done before them. The word passed that Lestrangle was in his twentieth hour; people climbed on seats to cheer him as he went by. When one of his tires blew out, in the opening of the twenty-first hour of his driving and the twenty-fourth of the race, the great shout of sympathy and encouragement shook the grandstand to its cement foundations.

Neither Lestrangle nor Rupert left his seat while that tire was changed.

"If we did, I ain't sure we'd get back," Rupert explained to Dick, who hovered around them agitatedly. "If I'd thought Darling's mechanician would get in for this, I'd have taken in sewing for a living. How much longer?"

"Half an hour."

"Well, watch us finish."

A renewed burst of applause greeted the Mercury car's return to the track. Men were standing watch in hand to count the last moments, their eyes on the bulletin board where the reeled-off miles were registered. Two of the other machines were fighting desperately

for second place, hopeless of rivalling Lestrangle, and after them sped the rest.

"The finish!" some one suddenly called. "The last lap!"

Dick was hanging over the paddock fence when the car shot by amidst braying klaxons, motor-horns, cheers, and the clashing music of the band. Frantic, the people hailed Lestrangle as the red flag dropped before him in proclamation of his victory and the ended race.

Rupert raised his arms above his head in the signal of acknowledgment, as they flew across the line and swept on to complete the circle to their camp. Lestrangle slackened speed to take the dangerous, deeply furrowed turn for the last time, his car poised for the curving flight under his guidance; then the watching hundreds saw the driver's hands slip from the steering-wheel as he reached for the brake. Straight across the track the machine dashed, instead of following the bend, crashed through the barrier, and rolled completely over in the green meadow grass.

"The steering-knuckle!" Bailey groaned, as the place burst into uproar around them. "The wheel—I saw it turn no use in his hands!"

"They're up!" cried a dozen voices. "No, one's up and one's under." "Who's caught in the wreck—Lestrangle or his man?"

But before the people who surged over the track, breaking all restraint, before the galloping ambulance, Dick French reached the marred thing that had been the Mercury car. It was Lestrangle who had struggled to one knee beside the machine, fighting for breath to speak.

"Take the car off Rupert," he panted, at Dick's cry of relief on seeing him. "I'm all right—take the car off Rupert."

The next instant they were surrounded, overwhelmed with eager aid. The ambulance came up, and a surgeon precipitated himself toward Lestrangle.

"Stand back," he commanded generally. "Are you trying to smother him? Stand back."

But it was he who halted before a gesture from Lestrangle, who leaned on Dick and a comrade from the camp.

"Go over there, to Rupert."

"You first——"

"No."

There was nothing to do except yield. Shrugging his shoulders, the surgeon paused the necessary moment. A moment only; there was a scattering of the hushed workers, a metallic crash.

From the space the car had covered a small figure uncoiled, lizard-like, and staggered unsteadily erect.

"Where's Darling Lestrangle?" was hurled viciously across the silence. "Gee, you're a slow bunch of workers! Where's Lestrangle?"

The tumult that broke loose swept all to confusion. And, after all,

it was Lestrangle who was put in the surgeon's care, while Rupert rode back to the camp on the driver's seat of the ambulance.

"Tell Emily I'll come over to her as soon as I'm fit to look at," was the message Lestrangle gave Dick. "And when you go back to the factory, have your steering-knuckles strengthened."

Dick exceeded his commission by transmitting the speech entire; repeating the first part to Emily with all affectionate solicitude, and flinging the second cuttingly at his uncle and Bailey.

"The doctors say he ought to be in bed, but he won't go," he concluded. "No, you can't see him until they get through patching him up at the hospital tent; they put every one out except Rupert. *He* has n't a scratch, after having a ninety Mercury on top of him. You're to come over to our camp, Emily, and wait for Lestrangle. I suppose everybody had better come."

It was a curious and an elevating thing to see Dickie assume command of his family, but no one demurred. An official, recognizing in him Lestrangle's manager, cleared a way for the party through the noisy press of departing people and automobiles. The very track was blocked by a crowd too great for control.

The sunset had long faded, night had settled over the motordrome, and the electric lamps had been lit in the tents, before there came a stir and murmur in the Mercury camp.

"Don't skid, the ground's wet," cautioned a voice outside the door. "Steady!"

Emily started up, Dick sprang to open the canvas, and Lestrangle crossed the threshold—Lestrangle, colorless, his right arm in a sling, his left wound with linen from wrist to elbow, and bearing a heavy purple bruise above his temple, but with the brightness of victory flashing above all weariness like a dancing flame.

"Sweetheart!" he laughed, as Emily ran to him, heedless of all things except that he stood within touch once more. "My dear, I told them not to frighten you. Why, Emily——"

For as he put his one available arm about her, she hid her wet eyes on his shoulder.

"I am so happy," she explained breathlessly. "It is only that."

"You should not have been here at all, my dear. But it is good to see you. Who brought you? Bailey!"—catching sight of the man beside Dick. "Good, I wanted some one to help me; Rupert and I have got to find a hotel, and we're not very active."

Emily would have slipped away from the clasp, scarlet with returning recollection, but Lestrangle detained her to meet his shining eyes.

"The race is over," he reminded, for her ears alone. "I'm going to keep you, if you'll stay."

He turned to take a limping step, offering his hand cordially to the speechless Bailey, and faced for the first time the other man present.

"I think," said Ethan French, "that there need be no question of hotels. We have not understood each other, but you have the right to Frenchwood's hospitality. If you can travel, we will go there."

"No," answered David French, as quietly. "Never. You owe me nothing, sir. If I have worked in your factory, I took the workman's wages for it; if I have won honors for your car, I also won the prize-money given to the driver. I never meant so to establish any claim upon Frenchwood or you. I believe we stand even. Dick has taken my place, happily; Emily and I will go on our own road."

They looked at each other; the likeness between them most apparent, in the similar determination of mood which wiped laughter and warmth from the younger man's face. However coldly phrased and dictatorially spoken, it was an apology which Mr. French had offered and which had been declined. But—he had watched Lestrangle all day; he did not lift the gauntlet.

"You are perfectly free," he conceded; "which gives you the opportunity of being generous."

His son moved, flushing through his pallor.

"I wish you would not put it that way, sir," he objected.

"There is no other way. I have been wrong, and I have no control over you; will you come home?"

There was no argument but that could have succeeded, and the three who knew Lestrangle knew that could not fail.

"You want me because I am a French," David rebelled in the final protest. "You have a substitute."

"Perhaps I want you otherwise. And we will not speak in passion; there can be no substitute for you."

"French and French," murmured Dick coaxingly. "We can run that factory, Lestrangle!"

"There's more than steering-knuckles needing your eye on them. And you love the place, Mr. David," said Bailey from his corner.

From one to the other David's glance went, to rest on Emily's delicate, earnest face in its setting of yellow-bronze curls. Full and straight her dark eyes answered his, the convent-bred Emily's answer to his pride and old resentment and new reluctance to yield his liberty.

"After all, you were born a French," she reminded, her soft accents just audible. "If that is your work?"

Very slowly David turned to his father.

"I never learned to do things by halves," he said. "If you want me, sir——"

And Ethan French understood, and first offered his hand.

Rupert was discovered asleep in a camp-chair outside the tent, a few minutes later, when Dick went in search of him.

"The limousine's waiting," his awakener informed him. "You don't feel bad, do you?"

The mechanic rose cautiously, wincing.

"Well, if every joint in my chassis was n't sore, I'd feel better," he admitted grimly. "But I'm still running. What did you kiss me awake for, when I need my sleeps?"

"Did you suppose we could get Lestrangle home without you, Jack Rupert?"

"I ain't supposing you could. I'm ready."

The rest of the party were already in the big car, with one exception.

"Take a last look, Rupert," bade David, as he stood in the dark paddock. "We're retired. Come help me get used to it."

Rupert passed a glance over the deserted track.

"I guess my sentiment-tank has given out," he sweetly acknowledged. "The Mercury factory sounds pretty good to me, Darling. And I guess we can make a joy-ride out of living, on any track, if we enter for it."

"I guess we can," laughed David French. "Get in opposite Emily. We're going home to try."



"CHE FARO SENZA EURYDICE!"

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I HEAR thy voice!—

Ah, love, I hear thy voice!

Faint as the sound of distant waters falling,

Thy voice I hear above me, calling, calling,—

And my imprisoned heart,

O'ershadowed here apart,

Responsive thrills, half-tempted to rejoice!

In Hades though I be,

Where the unnumbered dead abide

In uneventful, sunless eventide,

I live—I live!—for thou rememberest me!

And like to far-off waters falling,

I hear thee out of distance calling,—

"Eurydice! Thrice loved Eurydice!"

In thy bright world, I know
The firstlings of the Spring begin to blow;
Moss-violet and saffron daffodil
Their perfumes faint distil;
And through the veiled Elysian hours,—
Sweeter for wafted scent of citron-flowers,—
Voices of nightingales soft come and go.

The halcyon again
Broods tranquilly beside the placid main;
The ringdove tells her wound
With throbbing breast and undulating sound;
And still, shy passion wronging,
They fill thee with a wilder, lonelier longing;
And still my buried heart reflects thy pain!

Of yore I had a dream:
I thought,—the awful sentinel asleep,—
Thou, with that lyre divine, supreme,
Which once drew Ægo downward to the deep,
Entering here, where chains are never riven,
Had with thy golden stain, Apollo given,
Taught Dis, the Pitiless, himself to weep.

I had a dream of yore:
I thought love, mightier than death,
Wide opened the inexorable door,
And offered me pure draughts of sun-warmed breath.
I saw thy form: trembling I seemed to follow;
When, sudden, to these rayless caverns hollow
Fate caught me back, thee to behold no more!

But—still I wait for thee!
And thou wilt come—thou wilt return to me!
The hours delay, I make no moan;
Apart from thee,—yet not alone,—
Sweeter than far-off music sighing,
I hear thy voice forever crying,—
“Eurydice!—my lost Eurydice!”



THE SMILE OF A LADY

By Owen Oliver

WHEN my wife died I felt a desire to flee from the old familiar places, so I accepted an offer to represent my firm in England. After a few years I set up for myself there. I soon fell into the ways of English business, but the ways of society were always a puzzle to me; especially the ways of the ladies. It seemed to me that they always smiled; and you never knew what was behind the smile of a lady. I said that to Mrs. de Vigne once, and she looked at me—smiling.

"When I have taught you that," she said, "I shall have finished your education."

But she could n't teach me. It took a much greater lady! This is the story.

Mrs. de Vigne seemed to think that *my* ways were a puzzle to society. At any rate, they puzzled her, and she was the daughter of an admiral, the widow of a general, the cousin of a baron, and received in the most exclusive circles. I made sure of this before I asked her to preside over my household.

I had one girl child, inexpressibly dear to me. I wished to place her in a higher social sphere than I had occupied, and I thought it best to transplant her young. So when Alice was eleven I arranged that Mrs. de Vigne should undertake her social education. It was not in the bargain that she should undertake mine, but she seemed to think that the one included the other.

I was thirty-seven when she came to us, and I controlled a large business consisting of a number of shops. Two years later I retired. I had made enough for Alice, and Mrs. de Vigne considered that the step would be to the child's advantage. She held that when I retired I left the shops behind me.

"You are well educated and presentable," she said. She did n't say it in that bald way, but that's what it came to. "There's no need to let people know how you made your money."

"If I were ashamed of the way I made my money," I told her, "I would n't keep it."

"No," she agreed; "I suppose you would n't. You are a very

peculiar man. Well, if you must ticket yourself 'shop,' you need n't ticket Alice."

She was exceedingly fond of Alice. That is beyond question. I should like to say very plainly that her influence upon my little girl was everything that even I could desire. Alice was also fond of her. That was why I retained her. Otherwise I should not have done so, for two reasons; the first was that Mrs. de Vigne had an idea of marrying me; the second was that I had no intention of marrying Mrs. de Vigne.

If she had wanted to marry me for myself I might have fallen in with the arrangement, because she was such an admirable foster-mother to Alice; but that was not her reason. This is beyond doubt. I held that the reason was my money. I hold this opinion still. Lady Mary Manning—to use her maiden name—disagrees with me. She says that the reason was Alice. Lady Mary is a woman of sound judgment; but she is apt to attribute to other people too much of her own greatness of heart.

It was Mrs. de Vigne who introduced me to her. We were all staying at a hotel at Cintra, just after I had retired. My acquaintance with Lady Mary stopped at formalities for a fortnight. It did not occur to me that any more intimate acquaintance was possible. She was an aristocrat of aristocrats; a tall, stately, beautiful woman of seven and twenty. According to Mrs. de Vigne, she had refused innumerable offers; but I think the fact was rather that she had frozen innumerable offers before they were made. She seemed to stand on a pinnacle aloof from ordinary people. Perhaps the consciousness of her superiority was in me rather than in herself. Although cold-mannered, she was always courteous; and she was very kind to Alice, who worshipped her with adoration.

One afternoon, at the end of this fortnight, I relieved her of a chair that she was taking into the garden, and carried it for her. When she was seated I bowed and was going; but she looked up at me.

"It is your little girl's birthday to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "She is fourteen."

"May I give her a little present? She is quite a friend of mine."

I sat down on a weather-beaten bench.

"It gives me great pleasure when people like Alice," I said; "and I am sure that she will be specially pleased by kindness from you, Lady Mary. Thank you. . . . May I say a word more? I am rather a blunt man, Lady Mary. I do not wish any one to be friendly with my child under a misapprehension."

And then I told her how I had made my money. She listened so calmly that one might almost have thought that she did not hear. When I had finished she bowed, as if she put my story aside.

"It is a little bracelet," she said, "that I bought in Morocco."

"Thank you, Lady Mary," I said. "She will prize it. She has a great admiration for you—very naturally."

Lady Mary smiled a faint ghost of a smile that reminded me vaguely of something that I could not name.

"Do blunt men flatter?" she asked.

"No," I answered. "I do not flatter. I say what I think; or hold my tongue."

"I have noticed," she remarked, "that you hold your tongue."

The little pale smile lit her face again for a moment. In time I came to watch for that faint smile.

"I did not know that I might talk to you," I said. "I should very much like to."

She inclined her head slightly.

"I am not a great talker," she told me; "but we will try."

We tried for two hours! I found her wonderfully interesting; well read, thoughtful, and with a knack of going to the point without artifice or exaggeration. I noticed especially that she did not allude to social matters of which I might be expected to be ignorant, but spoke chiefly of travel and literature and music. I learned that, like myself, she played the violin. We tried some duets in the evening. Mrs. de Vigne played the piano for us. She stayed, turning over some music, when Lady Mary had gone.

"So you have found it possible to leave the shops behind?" she suggested with a touch of sarcasm.

"Lady Mary found it possible," I corrected.

Mrs. de Vigne turned over the music for some time. Then she sat on the piano stool and faced round to me.

"Since I have been with Alice," she began, "I—possibly if I described us—you and me—as friends you would not dispute it."

"I certainly should not dispute it," I assented; which stated my exact position.

"Then, as a friend, perhaps you will pardon me for speaking plainly."

"If you think it necessary," I consented. I did not.

"I do; but the necessity is a point on which we shall probably differ." She leaned back against the piano and put up one hand to readjust her reddish-brown hair. She has beautiful hands and hair, and she—I won't be ungenerous. She is a pretty woman, and I suppose her little vanities are those usual in society.

"When you try to serve your friends you generally lose them," she went on plaintively. "Well, I must take the risk. Lady Mary thinks that it does n't much matter whom she knows in Cintra. When she is in London she will think differently. It is only—friendly—

to warn you of that." She put her hair straight again, and smiled a smile that showed her pretty teeth. "Now I suppose you are surprised and annoyed with me?" She threw out her hands and shrugged her shoulders. Her attitudes always become her.

"Not annoyed," I corrected. "Only surprised that you should think it necessary to state what is obvious. I am no more likely to forget the difference in our position than Lady Mary is." She gave another shrug of the shoulders. "What do you mean?"

"Lady Mary is not unlikely to forget *here*," she said. "You don't understand the ways of society ladies, Mr. Richardson."

"No," I said; "I don't. I understand the ways of women—not only Lady Mary—to the small extent to which a man can understand them."

I spoke rather angrily, and perhaps ungenerously. Mrs. de Vigne sighed and rose.

"I must go up to Alice," she said. "She will not go to sleep till I have been in to kiss her again. I understand the ways of your little Alice."

She threw back her head defiantly.

"Yes," I answered with a genuine warmth. "Alice owes much to you; and therefore I do. Thank you. Good-night."

I held out my hand. She let hers lie in it, while she looked at me.

"You don't understand *me*," she declared, "in the least." There was a look almost of appeal in her eyes; and sometimes I think that Lady Mary is right about her. "Good-night."

"Good-night," I said; "and in all friendliness."

I frowned a little when she had gone. It was obviously absurd to suppose that Lady Mary would flirt with me; or with any one. She was not that sort of woman. Mrs. de Vigne was, and she judged others by her own standard. Anyhow I was old enough to take care of myself; and Lady Mary was good to know. Our last duet ran through my head as I strolled in the garden, finishing my cigar; and that elusive ghost of a smile.

"If she is prepared to allow me a little of her society while we are here," I decided, "I shan't be such a fool as to refuse the gift that the gods provide. She is a woman of women!" I think so still.

The next day was Alice's birthday. In addition to the bracelet from Lady Mary, and the usual presents from Mrs. de Vigne and myself and from her relations and friends in America and England, she had an enormous bouquet and a huge box of chocolates from the other visitors at the hotel. They had arranged that she was to have a party in the evening and invite whom she pleased, which meant everybody. She appealed to me in great excitement about Lady Mary.

"I do so want her, daddy," she cried. "She is so lovely, and so kind to me; but Mrs. de Vigne thinks that she would not care to mix with the rest, and would be offended if I asked her. What shall I do?"

"Ask her, little one," I said. "You had better be untactful than unkind; and she might feel very hurt if you left her out."

Mrs. de Vigne raised her eyebrows at my decision.

"Oh, well!" she said resignedly. "She can easily make an excuse."

But Lady Mary made no excuse.

"Thank you, dear," she told Alice. "I shall like to come to my little friend's party."

The young people had some dances; and toward the end the elder folk joined in. I danced with Alice and a young girl of sixteen and Mrs. de Vigne. When we came to the last waltz every one had danced except Lady Mary, and Alice whispered to me:

"Why don't you ask Lady Mary, daddy?"

"Nonsense, Alice!" Mrs. de Vigne cried sharply. To do her justice, she rarely spoke sharply to the child, and she drew Alice's arm through hers the moment after.

"Would you like your father to dance with you instead of me?" she offered. There was a shortage of male dancers as usual, and Mrs. de Vigne had proposed to be Alice's "gentleman" for the final waltz. "As hostess of the evening, you must leave the best partners for your guests," she had explained. As I have said, she trained Alice very nicely.

"I like dancing with *both* of you," Alice declared; "but if daddy mustn't ask Lady Mary, *I* may. And then he could dance with *you*."

Mrs. de Vigne fastened her hand tightly upon Alice's.

"I don't give you up to any one!" she said almost fiercely. "Your father can ask Lady Mary if he chooses."

"I can at least talk to her instead of dancing," I said; and I walked over to her.

"I have supposed that you would not care to dance, Lady Mary," I said; "but perhaps I might have the pleasure of sitting this dance out with you."

She looked at me in her calm way.

"I shall be pleased," she said; "but of course I would not sit out a dance with you if I objected to dancing with you. I think that is what you meant?"

"If you will condescend——" I began; but she raised her hand; and the little pale smile flitted across her face. *I could n't* think what it reminded me of.

"I will not condescend," she said; "but I will dance."

We danced—and how she danced!—and talked for half an hour afterwards. Mrs. de Vigne gave me an unpleasant whisper when she said good-night:

“Don’t forget the shops!”

I did n’t; but I did n’t forget my dance with Lady Mary either. I felt as though I had held the world in my arm. I always try to be straightforward with myself; and from the first I never blinked the fact that I was in love with Lady Mary; only cautioned myself that I must conceal it from her, if I wished to retain her friendship.

I believed that I had her friendship; and I believed in spite of Mrs. de Vigne’s warning that I could retain it permanently. Some of Lady Mary’s titled friends joined her at the hotel, and she made not the slightest difference in her intimacy with me. She also continued to be affectionate to Alice; but Mrs. de Vigne kept Alice away from her as much as possible, and, I suspect, prejudiced the child against her a little. I could not speak to Alice upon the subject, for this would have involved some reflection upon Mrs. de Vigne—“My more than mother,” as Alice called her one evening when she kissed her good-night. She had earned Alice’s affection, and I could not honorably do anything to rob her of it. So I spoke to Mrs. de Vigne herself as soon as Alice had gone to bed.

She turned the tables on me quickly.

“Mr. Richardson,” she said, “do me the bare justice to own that I have been a second mother to your child.”

“You have,” I agreed.

“Not from a mercenary motive; entirely from affection.”

“Yes,” I assented; “I am sure of that.”

“For that reason, bear with me; for I am going to say what will offend you greatly. I think it would be better if we left Cintra.”

“You mean that it would be better if I did.”

“Yes, I mean that.”

She made no gestures and struck no attitude. If she had always been like that I might have regarded her differently.

I looked at the sky for a long time—we were in the garden—and at the great Castle of Penas that sits on its great mountain, among the stars.

“I do not aspire to be more than Lady Mary’s friend,” I said at last.

“You cannot be that,” she told me. “You—you do not understand.”

“I do not understand the ways of society,” I said; “but I should have thought that if a woman gave a man so much of her company as Lady Mary gives me, she regarded him as a friend. It should be so with a good woman; and she is that.”

"Oh!" Mrs. de Vigne made a movement of her shoulders at last. "She is probably good enough, as society women go. They all flirt, you know."

"I don't believe it," I said. "Lady Mary is my friend; and I would stake my life that she is, and will be, a loyal friend."

"Don't!" Mrs. de Vigne cried suddenly. "Don't. I—— Oh, I am so sorry for you!" She put her hand softly on my arm. "Do you know what she calls you to her friends, when they are alone? The infatuated shopman! . . . Don't speak. I'll go. . . . It hurt *me* when I heard. Remember that."

I knew that she went by the swish of her skirts. I did not see her. My eyes were blurred. When they cleared I saw the great castle standing aloof among the stars. Somehow it always reminded me of Lady Mary.

I set my teeth, and went in to her. I found her sitting among her friends in the hall. She moved her chair a little to make room for me.

"Lady Mary," I whispered, when the hum of conversation covered me, "will you grant me a word with you—alone?"

She looked as if she had not heard me; but in a few moments she rose.

"I want a breath of air," she remarked.

"Shall I get your cloak?" I asked.

"Thank you."

I found her cloak, and put it on, and we walked out together. We did not speak till we came to a full view of the mountain and the castle, standing out black against the spangled sky. I pointed to it.

"I have always thought of you as like that," I told her.

She looked at the castle silently for a long while. An edge of the moon showed beyond a tiny cloud and silvered the castle and her face. I can see them both still.

"Cold and aloof?" she asked.

"Standing above the pettiness of the world," I corrected.

She turned to me. Her beautiful face was calm as always.

"I try to," she said very simply.

I looked at her face steadily; and I grew to a reverence beyond telling.

"Lady Mary," I said, "some one told me a lie about you. I intended to ask you to deny it. I shall not do so."

"Thank you." She bowed slowly. "Is that all you wish to say to me?"

"Oh!" I cried. "Not all that I wish—all that I dare, Lady Mary."

The little pale smile flickered out upon her face for an instant;

and suddenly I knew that it reminded me of moonlight; moonlight in a clear sky.

"Tell me," she said gently; very gently.

"I love you, dear," I said.

"I love you," she answered.

"Shall I tell you what was said?" I asked as we walked back to the hotel arm in arm.

"No, dear," she answered. "I will tell *you* something instead. Your cold castle had a warm room, you found; a warm, warm room!"

"Dear!"

"Perhaps other people have warm hearts that we do not see. I mean Mabel de Vigne."

"Why!" I cried. "It was she——"

"Hush!" She turned to me with the sweet pale smile. "Think what she has been to your little child: all that a mother could be; all that I can hope to be. I might replace her with Alice; but who can replace Alice with her. . . . Dear, I understand. She wanted to keep Alice. Her heart was breaking at the thought of leaving her. . . . Let her stay with the child. . . . Please! . . . For the sake of the great happiness that has come to us to-night."

She smiled at me again—her moonlight smile! Ah, lady dear! That *good* little smile of yours should make a better man of me. There is the heart of a woman behind the smile of my lady.

THE ARRIVAL

BY WILLIAM R. BENET

THE old inn glimmered like a glowworm eye.
Warm threshed the midnight rain as I came by.
Feeling the latch, I stood a little space;
Then looked upon my gentle Master's face.

"So you have come!" No splendor seared me blind.

"So you have come!" How warm his glance and kind!

"Within awaits your supper lately spread.

Within awaits your candle and your bed."

Within the room was—peace! "Dear Lord, how tired
I've trod the track unsolved and undesired!"

I dared to glance. How kind he stood and tall!

"Sleep! In the morning you shall tell me all."

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Joseph M. Rogers

Author of "Educating Our Boys," etc.

THIRD PAPER—THE TEACHER

TEACHING as a profession has been changing in character for many years. This applies to all grades, from university professors down. It has become too much a commercial calling, and not so much as formerly an honored profession—a lamentable state of affairs for which the public is largely responsible.

It is by no means an exaggeration to say that at present teachers are the most overworked, most undervalued, and most underpaid public servants in the country, with the sole exception of the clergy, who seem to be in about the same category. Young men of promise are not entering the ministry in sufficient numbers, for the same reason that they do not enter the profession of teaching. The rewards are not sufficient, and the honor is no longer of its former importance. Clergymen and teachers are becoming mere hired men. They are expected to make bricks without straw, and they get few thanks for their pains. Just why people should pay physicians and other professional men so well and so willingly for their services, while they criticise the teachers who are looking after the welfare of their children, is one of the things no logical man can understand.

Consider the emoluments of the average teacher. Our annual expenditure for educational purposes, public and private, is about five hundred million dollars, making liberal allowance for possible defects in statistics. This figures out at about twenty-five dollars per capita for those merely enrolled, or about thirty dollars for the average scholar who goes with any degree of regularity. But only three hundred and fifty million dollars is expended for public school purposes, which means about twenty dollars yearly for each person enrolled.

Of this sum, about one-fifth is expended for buildings, sites, etc., another fifth for miscellaneous purposes, and three-fifths for teachers' salaries—about two hundred and ten million dollars per year. This is a trifle more than four hundred dollars per annum for each teacher,

male or female. It is of common knowledge that teachers in the higher schools, and all men, get better salaries than the four-fifths of the total who are largely women teachers in the grades. It is a fair estimate that the average salary for women is from three hundred to three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. It is more than this in the cities, and less in the villages and rural districts.

This sum is less than that paid good domestic servants in the larger cities of the country, where upwards of five dollars a week is given to cooks and housemaids, who also have perquisites which increase their income and lessen their expenses. This teacher's salary is about what the ordinary shop-girl gets at the beginning of her career. It is less than many girls make in mills and factories.



Judged from a bread and butter standard, the young woman who is solely concerned with making a living might as well prepare herself for house service as for teaching. But of course this is no criterion, since women have other motives in life. The evident fact is that few women start out with the slightest notion of making a permanent profession of teaching. It is true that about forty thousand of them annually attend the normal schools to prepare for teaching, but to them it is a means and not an end, or, rather, it is only a means to an end.

Many a woman who starts out to teach does so with the object of securing enough money to dress well, and to provide a modest trousseau when the opportunity of marrying is offered her. This motive must influence many of the forty thousand young women who go to normal schools each year. Others have no desire to teach, but go to these schools for higher education at a low price. It would be against nature, of course, if there were many women who started out in life with celibacy as a guiding principle, so the personnel of the teaching force is constantly changing. Accurate statistics are not available, but it appears that for women five years is about the average term of service in the schools, so that we have almost a complete change in that period, which augurs ill for the youth of the land. And yet, under the existing conditions, is it not astonishing that so many young women enter the service and remain so long? In an ideal state there would be few women outside elementary grades and the secondary schools for girls, and those who remained in the profession would be better rewarded and have a higher standard.

I am of those who believe that the teacher is born and not made. Almost any sort of human material may be improved by experience and technical instruction, but unless there is in a teacher the deepest

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love of the vocation and an unfailing enthusiasm—almost a missionary spirit—there will not be the best results. Given these fundamental qualifications—and they exist in every community—there is a chance for training teachers who will be invaluable in any locality. But to secure them the rewards must be proportionate to the service rendered.

We have no single standard for teachers in this country. In each community there is some sort of standard, but at present to be a teacher calls more for influence than for technical equipment, save in the most enlightened communities. Training schools and schools of practice help some young women, but too many teachers enter upon the work with no other notion than of giving instruction in the same slipshod manner in which they received it. Of course we are making some progress, but nothing like what is needed. The system employed is more to blame than the teachers. In these days, when the pupils write so much of their work and pay less attention to their text-books, they are deprived of much of the personal enthusiasm of the teachers, which is one of the greatest factors, while the teachers are submerged in clerical work, such as the correcting of papers, etc.



A few weeks ago I called upon a teacher just after her session had closed. She was mentally and physically exhausted. She was a woman of thirty, but looked ten years older. Before her was a pile of papers in arithmetic, spelling, composition, and physical geography, which she must go over that evening. She admitted that she could not often go over the papers with any great care, simply because she had neither the time nor the strength to do so. The school hours had completely exhausted her vitality. As she expressed it: "At four o'clock each day, I am a squeezed lemon."

To me it seems impossible for a woman or a man to teach forty children with any degree of success under the existing methods. I shall be criticised for making an attack upon the best judgment of the country's school administrators, but I am not afraid of that, for I find that most pedagogists agree with me. The failure of our present system is too apparent to call for any argument.

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard University, in a recent speech announced it as his opinion and that of educators generally that for women the ages between twenty-five and forty-five alone are of high value in the school-room. This is the exact period of woman's full maturity, and though the normal woman gives these years to motherhood, by the same token they are best for any sort of service. No woman over forty-five should be called upon to perform services requiring constant physical or mental application. Nature seems to

have set aside this period as one of rest for women. This country is filled with nervous wrecks of the female sex because women of forty-five years and older are still working hardest at a time when they should have rest, and there is no task in the world which bears harder on women both mentally and physically than teaching.

The woman who at twenty-five can control the minds and bodies of forty boys or girls, or both, is an admirable specimen of humanity. Aside from mere technical training and experience, the qualifications necessary are self-possession, administrative ability, an almost hypnotic influence, a clear mind, and a broad sympathy, with the logical faculty well developed. Aside from these, she must possess a strong physique, a lack of "nerves," and an amiable and equable disposition. To get such qualities at from six to fifteen dollars a week is, in a sense, a triumph of civilization; but it is also a disgrace to civilization, that it should demand so much and pay so little. The ideal teacher is seldom found, but there are a vast number of them who measurably approach the ideal—so nearly do they approach it that they are being constantly drafted by men to become the wives and mothers of the race. It is a melancholy fact that mothers who have been teachers are often the most carping critics of the schools, and especially the teachers of their children, and their criticisms are not wholly of a constructive sort.

No mother needs to be told how important is personal attention to detail in the life of every child. In these days we look upon the mother of eight children as a marvel. Mr. Roosevelt looks upon her as a patriot, and most persons look upon her with pity. But the mental and physical strain of rearing eight children is not so great as that of caring for forty in the school-room if the teacher performs the tasks which are expected of her.



The time will never come when women are not needed in the schools. They ought always to have charge of the very young, and in all grades there must needs be some. In secondary schools for girls, especially, women are indispensable. But the time is coming when the word "teacher" will no longer be considered a feminine noun. Beyond the age of twelve, all boys and most girls should be instructed most largely by men who are devoting their lives to education and are specially equipped for that purpose.

Many people will not agree with me in thinking that it would be much better if most teachers above the fourth grade in the elementary schools were men. If it were possible to get a sufficient number of women who had the right equipment and who would be

willing to teach for, say, twenty years, the situation would be different, but that condition is never likely to exist. It goes without saying that no person accomplishes as much in a temporary occupation as in that to which his or her life is devoted. If we are to have a much larger proportion of male teachers, we must pay them better wages, so that the profession will become attractive, but we must do that in any event if we are to make any material progress.

The men who enter upon teaching in the public schools as a profession with any enthusiasm are woefully few. Most of them drift into the work by accident or because they have nothing else to do, and they get out of it as soon as possible. This is natural since the rewards are few and the exactions are many. Many young men teach school while they study for one of the professions or look around for some good business opening. Some get into a rut of teaching, from which they cannot escape even if they so desire. They have given too many hostages to fortune. They plod along, and while they are not necessarily poor teachers, they are not likely to be highly ambitious, owing to the little prospect of advancement. The school teacher was formerly an important man in the community—a man to be looked up to and counselled with, to be considered a guide and friend as well as an instructor. Too often now he is looked upon merely as a person upon whom a good deal of unpleasant work may be unloaded.

The young man of parts who has the ability to make a success as an educator has so many more chances of success in other lines of endeavor that it is not at all strange that comparatively few take up pedagogy. Outside of a few college presidents and school superintendents in the large cities, it is doubtful if there is a handful of teachers in this country who receive as much as five thousand dollars a year. The average professor in the college or university does not receive more than two thousand five hundred dollars, the average high school teacher not over fifteen hundred dollars. How can any sane person expect the profession of higher instruction to be filled with able men and women under such circumstances? Do the "business men" who figure so largely on school boards look upon life from the standpoint from which they try to impress the teacher? Are they willing to work for the love of it and their board and clothes? The astonishing thing is that in spite of all the drawbacks to the profession, it contains such a large number of able and consecrated men who believe in their mission and look upon their task as being larger than that of a mere instructor of the knowledge in books. But it must also be confessed that the number of these men is growing constantly less.

In truth, the attitude of the public toward its teachers is disgraceful, and it must be mended. There is a curious sort of notion that clergymen and teachers are set apart for their work, that they should

think nothing of the loaves and fishes, but be willing in a spirit of self-abnegation and martyrdom to give their lives to others and accept criticism the while, content with enough to keep body and soul together. That statement is true, and every intelligent person knows it is true. The situation is one that must be radically changed if ever there is to be a betterment of existing conditions. We put our children during their formative years in groups of forty or more in the hands of teachers who are physically and otherwise incapable of doing all the work laid upon them. Then we make the matter worse by hedging the instructors about with innumerable rules for doing the work, so that they are badly handicapped in achieving satisfactory results.

A man cannot teach successfully all his life any more than can a woman, although his active years may be more. There should be a pension system established whereby every teacher, on reaching the age of fifty-five or sixty, may retire on a comfortable income—not to go into idleness, but to perform other duties for society. One cardinal difference between the government of this country and that of Great Britain is that in the latter every man who has secured a competence is expected to take an interest in politics and public affairs generally and to give of his time and money to the state. With us it is wholly different. We look upon politicians as a separate class, and not a very high one at that. We expect few services for nothing, and those for which we do not pay are usually worth little. That is one reason why the public schools are not better managed.

A large number of retired teachers in any community would furnish a most desirable element. With a position and income assured, they would not only feel like doing something worth while, but would be highly useful in many ways. We have already too many of the idle rich. In this country most men, no matter how prosperous, prefer to die in harness, would rather wear out than rust out. This is because during their active years they have become so engrossed in business that they are good for little else. When the day comes for leisure they are restless. They have not stored up riches of the mind to enjoy in their declining years. The saddest set of people in America is the old, of both sexes and of nearly all financial conditions. It is only those who have been truly educated and who are cultured, who find light at evening time. The retired teachers would have their social, intellectual, and moral values beyond their compensation.

It is true that in a few cities teachers receive small pensions after many years of service, in most instances simply the result of assessments on their own earnings of the past—a sort of compulsory insurance. There is not much cause for public pride when a teacher's monthly pittance is taxed so that she may be saved from starvation after she is sixty years old. Otherwise there is almost no provision

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for the old age of teachers in the public schools. We treat our soldiers better.

How often are parents heard to say: "That woman is too old to teach. She ought to be dismissed." Yet that same teacher has probably paid out a large share of her earnings through life for the care of dependent relatives; such a condition has come to be almost the rule, and few are able to save much, if anything—certainly not enough to live above the level of the proletariat. It is not the teacher's fault that at sixty and even at seventy he or she is struggling along in harness. When the public begins more fully to understand that education is not synonymous with knowledge, they will be ready to welcome changes. Then we shall see that the mental and moral instructors of the youth are not left penniless in their old age.

It will be objected that in this paper I have been arguing for ideal conditions, impossible of achievement. I admit that they are in a sense ideal, but they are valuable because of that quality. I do not admit that they are impossible of achievement. The cost seems to most persons the greatest drawback, and this consideration will be discussed in a later paper. But there is nothing to hinder a good deal of progress even under existing financial conditions, if there be first the willing mind. I submit that we ought to treat our children as of more importance than is indicated by the present attitude of the general public. If a child is sick we want the best medical attendance; if his teeth are bad we go to the best dentist; if legal matters are involved in any way we consult whom we think the best lawyer. Why should we not demand the best teaching system and pay for it.

Although we have revolutionized almost every other factor in our lives, we still have education on essentially the same basis as a century ago. In this we are as foolish as if we were now to try to do without the railway or the telegraph, the telephone or the power printing-press. We have made some experiments in the last forty generations, but all of them are within narrow limits, and we need to make a good deal more progress. It is about time that we awoke to the fact that there is as much chance for improvement in educating our youth as there was in improving our systems of transportation a century ago.

In a following paper I shall discuss some of the ways in which improvement may be secured.

NOTE BY AUTHOR: The writer of these articles wishes to thank many correspondents for letters on the subject. Many of them are highly appreciative, fully endorsing the statements made. Some make intelligent suggestions, and some feel that the situation is not so bad in all parts of the country as is represented. The writer wishes to say that if he can stir up public interest in the matter to an extent where constructive progress is accomplished, he cares not whether his views in detail are or are not accepted. His main idea is to arouse the people to consideration and action.

TRANSIENTS IN NINEVEH

By Will Levington Comfort

Author of "The Viper," "Lady Thoroughbred, Kentuckian," etc.

WHY Blinkey Morgan and I turned up in South America is a good enough story, but compromising. We were not appreciated back home, until after we left; and 'way down here in the Cordilleras, we can feel the burning anxiety of Big Bug Boles, sheriff of Contention County, Arizona, to meet us personally. . . . For awhile we were afraid that they would have the ditch cut over Panama before we crossed.

But this is the story of Crummie Catlin, a very coarse but savory gentleman, at present unconfined. When Crummie reached Argentine and climbed the mountains to Nineveh, behind the pack-train, carrying a forty-pound kit, and singing songs that put the fear of the Living God into the ears of the mules,—it started Blink and me to recalling his past, as we had heard and seen portions of it, on the far bank of the Rio Grande.

Crummie hooked himself to Herring's "Spotlight Bar," and gave no sign that he knew us. He never knew any one when he cut the corn-bread to run his motors exclusively on corn-juice. He seldom lost his feet, but his eyes and head invariably blew out with the fumes. We watched him a long time that night, there at Herring's. Every four minutes on the tick, he would feed his cylinder with fresh explosion stuff. We would see the glass poised between two stubby fingers and a broken thumb; then the whole would disappear like the head of a hunting rattler, and return to view, minus the fusel-and-white line. Quick and clever, it was,—like an ejector tossing a shell. Between each vanishing trick, Crummie would burst into song—quite a liberty for a stranger in Herring's—a song that would scorch the forecastle of a pirate craft. Always when he started this, an icicle began at my great toe and traced slowly upward, curling about my neck with the chorus. Hoot-owls and hyenas were sonnets of childhood compared.

"I knowed Crummie long before you hit Contention, Wesley," Blink remarked softly. "There's one story told on him that lights the way fur all the rest. Ever hear about his private brand?"

I had not.

"Some tale that, Wesley," Blink drawled. "Crummie here an' Buck Latham, the only side-kicker he ever took on, went up the Mammon Canyon, clar to the 'Pachee reservation, lookin' fur gold. Crummie's got a nose fur yaller, an' they found it. Yas, they found it, enough to pizen 'em, enough to drive 'em loco clean. Worked by sun an' moon, till one night Buck lay down, ravin'. Crum here would n't quit. He's whalebone done up in shurkskin. Left grub an' matches by Buck's bunk next dawn, an' went down the canyon and worked till it was so dark he could n't see. All was still as a cave around the shack as he drew up; moonlight on the floor; vultures roostin' on the ridge-pole; somethin' snarlin' in the thicket; smell like—you know that wet, raw smell where guns 'r knives have been busy?"

"Sure, Blink," I said hurriedly.

"All right. Buck was in thar, but all changed round—leg whar an arm ought to been; fingers stuck in whar Buck's decent gray eye reposed fur forty years—Apachee art-work. Yas, gold all gone. . . . Crummie buried his pal, and followed the canyon back to Contention. We heard him singin' like now—tied him down and fed him up. In a week 'r so, his eyes turned back from the top of his head, and he began to know things. . . . 'Bout that time there was smallpox twenty miles south, at Lampres—horrible run o' scabs. Crummie was immune even then—same old set of rifle-pits an' barbed-wire entanglements on his countenance in them days as now. First we knew, he was off to help the stricken town. No one doubted that he was plumb loco permanent then, as Crummie had never went out benefactin' none before. Two months he nussed in Lampres; and when the quarantine was lifted, all he asked was the blankets of the sick and dead. Said he wanted to be sure they war burned right. Packed 'em all on a burro, made a smudge outside o' Lampres—but not out o' blankets—circled far round Contention, hit the canyon, and went up to his old diggin's by the reservation, makin' a heap o' noise. Then Crummie here tosses the bundle of *la viruela* cultures into the cabin and strolls down the gorge, to look over his claim ostensible. 'Pachees needed them blankets—took 'em all. Crummie was back in Contention a month after, when news reached us that smallpox was ragin' through the reservation, sparin' none. That was the only time I ever saw Crummie Catlin grin; an' that's how Crum here got even fur the murder of his pardner—a hundred for one—an' marked the rest of the 'Pachee nation with pock-pits—his private brand."

I could well believe all this. Southern Arizona was strong on original sin of Crummie's making. If I could make you understand just how bad Crummie Catlin was, and how bad he looked, you would

never be the same afterward. Squat, scarred, thick, gorilla-armed; hair clipped tight to the square, lumpy head; the face thin-lipped, fish-eyed, pocked to the bone, and fiery with drink! And the songs! . . . For days he hung fast to Herring's bar. He must have been cooked to a crisp inside before he went broke, body and pocket. Herring and the rest of us kept him alive after that, but if we'd forget him for an hour, we'd hear him grovelling in the dark back-room, and his crawly, quavering voice:

"He's after me—comin' after me now! Gawd lemme git on my feet afore he comes!"

Strangers for Nineveh usually followed the pack-train up the trail. At the first far yell from Sterrit, the boss-packer, Crummie would sneak out behind, and peer in with his maniac's face to see if his man had come for him. We thought it but a trick of the drink, but, even so, it was ghoulish to watch this Arizona state-builder, who, normal, feared neither God, ghost, nor beast, running whipped and currish before his own thoughts.

Three or four nights after Crummie's money ran out, there came to Nineveh one of the queerest, mildest little men who ever swept into the field of my range-finders—Emanuel Spore, evangelist. He was white, filly-chested, soft-voiced, and had blue eyes, so tired and gentle and dreamy that we all lowered our voices where he was. The up-trail had been all he could do. Its dust was in his hair and throat and upon the faded black cloth which he wore. He asked Herring for water, and drank it thankfully; then turned with a smile to the gang that was gathered about:

"Up in Baranquilla, I asked what town in South America needed most the word of the Lord from the humblest of His servants. They told me to go to Nineveh, if I wanted to enter the original pavilion of human abandonment, or, rather, 'cussedness' was the word they used——"

Allow me to interpolate right here that had Emanuel Spore so introduced himself into one of our new towns of Arizona, where there was local pride and real town-spirit, there would n't have been, as now, a snicker from Blinkey Morgan to swing the tide from resentment to the course of humor. You see, we few white men in Nineveh felt ourselves a colony of transients. The spirit of our allegiance was still back in the States. Anything more material would have been locked up on sight. I'm speaking for the larger portion of the settlement. However, the parson had not finished.

"And to my great joy, what do I find instead?" he went on. "First, the packers who guided me up to this village of glorious vistas, resting so snugly between peaks of rock that are veined with silver and gold."

As a matter of fact, Nineveh had always made me think of a corn between two toes of the Cordilleras. . . .

"Noble men and true, these packers, outdoor men with kindly, hardy hearts!" he went on. "And here in the town itself, instead of revelry and riot, I find strong, quiet men, resting after their toil—men of my own country, the States—God bless them! If I am unable to do any good for you, I am sure that tarrying with you for a little while will be of vast good to me."

So simply and genially was it all said, that we were instantly on our floweriest behavior. Blinkey whispered to me, "Fur Gawd's sake, Wesley, we must keep him away from the corral in the mornin', when the packers are loadin' the mules to pull out. Sterrit an' his crowd must have been choked dumb to-day!" . . . At this moment Crummie Catlin sneaked in the rear-way, having observed that the stranger was not for him. He sort of jerked into a chair, and sat there twitching—his face the color of soft soap.

Parson Spore, of course, needed a meeting-tent, which we furnished, and *pesos* cheerfully; also a running-guard of hearers, but we could n't work up the *power* he wanted—that is, at first. The trouble with Blinkey and me, and most of the others, always meaning the whites, was that we had already been converted once, and had played the game to the extent of our spiritual piles. Having fallen, we had hardened. You see, when the savages crawl back into a man's heart, after being cast out at the altar, they throw up breastworks, so to speak, against further assaults of the kind. We had taken a liking to this Spore, but we just could n't pitch forward sudden into the Light. He was patient and reasonable.

But he got in his wedge, late in the first week of the protracted meetings. Crummie Catlin, none other. As I have carefully set forth, Crum had been ungentle for many days, and we had just about stopped buying antidotes for his poisoning. Consequently, he was the human mimosa, when he was wafted into the meeting-tent this night of action. Now, when a man is so comprehensively disrupted as Crummie was, you never can tell just what he's going to do next. He's apt to kneel down and weep on your shoes, or reach over and concuss your expression.

Parson Spore was strong that night. Time came when he had me thinking of my seraphic childhood, and the fleeting show of Nineveh life. I nursed it along and found Blinkey with the tail of my eye. The big fellow was watching the preacher, hungry and pensive and fascinated. The rewards of the righteous were being set before us. I had always looked a little wide at Heaven—as a sort of eternal Sabbath proposition, where you want nothing but what is. Now I saw it all different. Spore showed me a Heaven made of the best moments of

a man's life strung out into Eternity; with fresh series of glories as fast as you could grow to them, and no limit. Everything worth while was gathered together in a kind of boundless Yosemite Valley; everything worth seeing and loving, from your old Mammie's lullabies to the girls you used to know.

It was n't altogether the reward idea, either, that the evangelist handed out that night. He made us see how ridiculous and out-of-date it was to be wicked—what callow kid-stuff it was for grown men to play the brute. Then he made a picture of the Son of Man between the thieves, which is n't for me to write about—only, I heard Blinkey catch his breath, and I felt myself going—when Crummie Catlin saved us from breaking the ice by bursting into tears with a noise like a mule's doom-song and a busy coal-chute. At least forty years of pent grief were yanked out of that mighty breast by the eloquent words of the Parson.

Spore came down like the Assyrians and folded Crummie in his arms. If ever a horrible example, needing sympathy, fell into a brimming fount of it, the bad man from Mammon Canyon was the one. For the rest of us that night, the golden moment was passed. Crummie's braying for redemption scared all other good angels away. We slipped out quietly, one by one, leaving the erstwhile buck-incorrigible feeding out of the hands of his good shepherd.

We knew the pace Crummie had gone; also the kind of reaction which sets in when a man stops a trifle sudden. There was no service in the meeting-tent the next night, nor the next. The little parson was fighting for the life he had redeemed. We heard the two wrestling together behind the closed flap of the tent; and often the little man would emerge for refreshments. For those who have any moral interest in this narrative, I want to put down that his countenance was brighter than a mountain midday. The third night we heard the trumpet calling us to the tent of holiness. Everybody answered, except Herring of the "Spotlight."

There on the rostrum sat Crummie Catlin, nervous, but noticeably as sincere in his new service as he had been in the devil's outfit. He was variously changed—shaven, white handkerchief around his neck, hymn-book in his hand. At best, you would have to have a sextant to determine the exact expression on a face like Crummie's, but from a chance observation, I called it joy. The Parson moved about clucking like a hen over her first chick. His discourse that evening was a queer piece of work. He bore down heavily in places which I remembered afterward; but mostly it was of the seductive, merciful sort, never forgetting the — foolishness of sin. This was Spore's pet and pointed graft. He had a way of "injecting it memorable into an outdoor man," as Blinkey observed. When he had finished, Crummie

shuffled to his feet (there was a look in his eyes as if the devil was showing him pictures), cleared his throat, and, steadying himself with the hymn-book clutch, released a line or two:

"I've been pickled in sin for fifty years. This here little parson says the picklin' ain't soaked through my soul as yit. He ain't lied to me so fur, an' I'm takin' his word till he does. I'm here to say this Spore gent is white an' right. More than that, I want to add that there's a Heaven to come—sure as hell! Why? 'Cause Parson Spore says so!"

This hit me right strong, and wrung a yell out of my best-excuse for living, Blinky Morgan, who sure has the emotional temperament some. Up he jumped from the bench at my right, and the following is about what he offered:

"Look here, you belated mavericks of Nineveh! Thar's goin' to be spontaneous combustion here to-night. I've never been over-nourished on foreign missionaries, an' I ain't brooded on the fittin's of Heaven to the point of neglectin' business or pleasure much in late years, but I rise to state that when a clerical gent comes 'way down here to this God-overlooked settlement and cops the hell-beatin'est, orneriest, law-eatin'——"

Blinky paused for the proper expression, and Crummie raised his head in devout anticipation.

"Law-eatin' glutton fur devilry,—scrapin' the same into an ornament in three days,—I gets on my feet to declare—*I'm fur him!* Let that thar seep in! One thing more—I ain't no righteous man, but if my ration of soul-oil ain't all burnt out—and Parson Spore says the light of God burns more or less bright in every measly hide of us—I'm going to drag out what's left for exhibition—if I have to use tongs. Git down an' pray! Parson, you start us off!"

That night the spirit started flowing as it used to. My Blinky took the reins out of the Parson's hands, and rustled a victory for the Cross—just as if he was sent for; and Parson Spore moved about, starry-eyed, and murmuring "Glory" softly as a mourning-dove. About this time I happened to look back at the tent-opening and saw Herring there. His face was working, not in anger, but with the catching emotion. The power had come to him, as he stood alone behind his deserted bar. As I regard that night coolly and from a distance, it really strikes me that we must have been a favored two or three gathered together in Somebody's Name.

Next morning Herring shut up the "Spotlight," after the licking sand had drained every barrel and bottle in the place, and went down with us to work in the diggings. The thought of feeding our higher selves once more in the meeting-tent at night, helped us to exist until sun-down. Nineveh was a still, glad place.

What follows, I rather dislike to write, but properly this is n't altogether the story of a failure. You know how things happen in a mining-town, where the kind of women who hold men from themselves and each other—are not. The game went against the gang after a couple of weeks. Herring was the first to fall, and he came down like a hen-hawk stricken with the cramps. One by one we followed him out on the mountains wild and bare, helping him, sad but earnest, to tap a fresh consignment.

Only Crummie stuck. We saw to that. Nobody's fortune, nor a *cinco centava* of his own, could have bought him a drink. Parson Spore saw the devil slaying his tens of thousands, but he never let go on his first-born. For Spore's sake, we were determined to keep the spirit alive somewhere. We all felt like coyotes, especially since the Parson was so gentle and forbearing with us.

"I'm not doing you boys any good now, and I ought not to accept your support any longer," he told us, "but I can't feel yet that Crummie is quite strong enough—alone!"

Blinky answered: "Don't go 'way, Parson. We-all stack up decenter with you here. Crummie needs you. We all needs you, likes you, and wants you to stay on!"

Weeks afterward Crummie struck it rich. I've told you that he had a nose for gold; and there's no need to tell any one that while a little of the yellow is a sweet sister to a man, an overdose is soul-poison. It was in the period of dry heat. Crummie's resistance broke down from luck and overwork. He gave the Parson the slip, and turned up at the "Spotlight" one evening about pack-train time, demanding refreshment for himself and all concerned. Herring looked at him sadly and said:

"Keep a stiff bridle-arm, Crummie. Keep up the reputation of the camp. You're the only decent buck we've got left."

Crummie's jaw was white and tight. "I've cut all that," he muttered. "I'm too old to keep on the dry track. Don't make it no harder fur me. Give us a jolt around."

"Sorry, Crum, but nothin' 's doin' here," said Herring. "It ain't in me to break into Parson Spore's treasury. I'm too fond of him—and you, Crum."

Just at this time we heard the yell of Sterrit, the boss-packer. This sound didn't worry Crummie much since his nerve came back, but we noted that he was always singularly attentive. The train drew into town and things began to happen. First Parson Spore rushed in, frantic about Crummie; and behind him, a cool, alert stranger with hands in his pockets, and a darting black eye that snapped up Catlin and held him fast. There was a cry from the Parson, a curse from Crummie, and a shot from the stranger.

The Parson was the quickest of the three—he leaped in front of his lamb, paying an eternal ransom. The aim was true enough, but the stranger who climbed up to Nineveh to kill Crummie Catlin shot the wrong man. This we saw before we got the disturbing individual down and helpless.

Catlin knelt beside his savior. Such a cry as his that instant never formed before in human throat. Parson Spore was talking faintly:

“ . . . So strange it was! It came upon me suddenly like a shock, Crummie—that all was not well with you—that you had come back here to Herring’s—for drink! Praise God, it was *not for that*, Crummie! . . . Good-night, good-night, boys. You’ve all been dear to me—be dear to one another. It brings God’s smile. . . . Crummie—Crummie—are you by me? . . . Take me farther up the mountain—high, high up on the mountain, and let me lie with my face to the rising sun! . . . And now, give me silence to go. . . . Good-night.”

Crummie bore his burden up alone. For weeks we saw nothing of him. The stranger, we sent on his way. His story and Catlin’s was no affair of ours. . . . Then one night Crummie came down the trail and took his old seat at the seven-up table in Herring’s. His hands were cut and bleeding and his body wasted as if by some miracle of toil. For hours he sat speechless, refusing all offers of food and refreshment. We felt that he meant to die. Herring, at last, stepped out from behind the bar, touched him lightly on the shoulder, saying:

“Crummie, if you need anything—an’ you sure look needful—the bars are all down now——”

Catlin arose and started for the door. “If I ever take another drink, I hope the Lord will hit me ten times harder than Saul of Tarsus,” he said chokingly.

That was the last we saw of him. Blinkey suggested in a whisper later that we climb the mountain and see what he had been doing all those weeks. Half-way up from the town, we halted at a turn in the trail and saw his handicraft on the peak with the red of morning there—great slabs of white rock, picked from the cliffs and piled by one man’s hands. The rough opening faced the East and took the morning glow. Scratched with flint in the rock, above the orifice, was this deep-bitten scrawl:

I could n’t get up to Him all
at once, so He came down to
Hell for me. C. Catlin.

SHORT-SHRIFT

A MODEL COMEDY OF TO-DAY

By John Kendrick Bangs

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VAN DYKE PILKINGTON, A Hero. RUPERT MALMAISON, A Villain.
MARIE VONDIVEER, A Heroine.

SCENE: *The Drawing-Room of COLONEL HAWKINS VONDIVEER. It is like all the drawing-rooms of the rich. The walls are covered with Corots, Rosa Bonheurs, Rousseaus, Innesses, and other famous paintings in great profusion. The furniture is solid gold, and the pendants of the crystal chandelier are real diamonds. The frieze above the paintings is a massy yellow made of fifty-dollar bills. There is a waste-basket filled with money at R.L.C. An onyx writing-desk at left centre, to the right of which stands a book-case containing check-books on every bank in the United States, each with a balance of \$82,000. A secret service detective hides behind each piece of furniture, and Mr. Paderewski is seen playing softly on the pianola in the background. The curtain rises, disclosing MARIE seated on a plush sofa. She is talking to RUPERT MALMAISON, who leans nonchalantly against an alabaster mantel-piece, lighting a cigarette with a ten-dollar bill.*

RUPERT. That, Miss Vondiveer, is the man's record. I warn you that nothing but unhappiness can come from an alliance—

MARIE. I have heard enough, Rupert Malmaison. And now for your own record? (*Scornfully.*)

RUPERT. Sh! Not now, Marie—there are ladies present.

MARIE. You would not dare say these things to his face.

RUPERT. I certainly would.

MARIE. When?

RUPERT. Now, if he were here!

(*Paderewski stops playing and turns suddenly on the piano stool. He transpires to be VAN DYKE PILKINGTON.*)

VAN DYKE. He is here, Rupert Malmaison!

RUPERT. (*Aside.*) Goll-rammit!

VAN DYKE. What has he been saying, Marie—sweetheart?

MARIE. Enough, Vandy dear, to keep this audience gloating over our misery for three acts of two hours each.

VAN DYKE. And do you believe—

MARIE. Nuvver a word, Vandy love. Throw him out the window now, and let these people go home! (*Pointing to audience.*) I am too tired to act to-night, and the windows are not real glass anyhow.

VAN DYKE. Your slightest wish is my command.

(*Seizes RUPERT and flings him through the window.*)

RUPERT. (*From without.*) I shall return, Van Dyke Pilkington—

VAN DYKE. Not in this play, you scoundrel! WE HAVE CUT OUT THE LAST THREE ACTS!

(*Sound of curses, and taxicab suddenly leaving from without.*)

VAN DYKE. (*Holding out his arms.*) Sweetheart!

MARIE. Vandy!

(*They embrace.*)

CURTAIN.



CALL OF THE ADVENTURERS

BY ETHEL TALBOT

COME leave your lowland villages,
Your scanty plots and tillages,
Which summer-drought still pillages,
With the hills on either hand.

Come, let us forth together, lads,
Let slip the loosened tether, lads,
Fare forth, and face the weather, lads,
Our goal be no man's land.

Our sweethearts weep regretfully,
Approving us forgetfully,
The good ship plunges fretfully,
Our wine we drink to lees.

Come, lads, and cast your part with us,
Ah, leave the shouting mart with us,
Come, bear a joyous heart with us,
To sail the wandering seas.

A BARGAIN IN RUGS

By James Raymond Perry

WHEN the Bruces moved they decided they must have new rugs for the parlor. "I want small rugs this time," Mrs. Bruce said. "They're so much easier to handle. Besides, they look better on a hard-wood floor."

Bruce acquiesced silently. Personally, he liked a large rug, but he also liked to please his wife.

"We must get something to match the Baluchistan rug we bought last year," she continued. "It is too handsome to discard, and if we don't get colors that harmonize with it, it will not look well with the other rugs. I don't mean we'll get any more Baluchistans, but other kinds that will go well with one."

A soft-voiced, smooth-cheeked little Armenian rug-merchant met the Bruces when they went to look at rugs.

"Something to match a Baluchistan? Certainly. Please be seated;" and the little man hurried two chairs together and darted off, to return a moment later dragging a half-folded rug. "There!" he exclaimed softly, as he gave the rug a loving pat. "That will go beautifully with your Baluchistan. Look at the colorings—rich—silky! A Shiraz—yes. Forty-five dollars. Now I'll show you something else"—trotting briskly off and returning with another product of the Orient. Another caressing touch, and the Armenian's accents flowed forth in eager praise: "A Bokhara—just the thing to go with a Baluchistan. They belong to the same group, you know—Turkoman rugs, both of them. Just feel, sir—soft, firm! I have nothing better in the store. When I tell you I have nothing better I mean that in this particular make of rug this is the finest there is. There are other rugs we ask more for, but they're a different weave. This is absolutely the best. Fifty dollars—yes, sir. No, it's not very large, that's true; but look at the quality!" The Armenian's dark eyes were eloquent with feeling as he gently caressed the woven fabric. "Something larger? Oh, yes;" and he darted off to bring another, and yet another.

The Bruces selected several to be sent out, and when they arrived there was a great testing of combinations on the parlor floor.

"None of them go very well with the Baluchistan," complained Mrs. Bruce, "unless it is that Bokhara, and that's too small. We can't afford fifty dollars for such a little rug. Meadows & Company probably have just as good. I'll go down Monday and look at some."

But Sunday Mary got the morning paper and, as usual, turned to the advertisements first.

"Listen, Dick," she said, and Bruce reluctantly detached his gaze from the Comic Section. "Here's an auction room that advertises Oriental rugs. They will be sold at a great sacrifice, it says. I'm going down to-morrow to look at them. Would n't you?"

"Well, I don't know," Bruce answered doubtfully. "Of course you might get a bargain; but on general principles I'd rather buy rugs, or anything else, at a regular store. I'm afraid we don't know enough about Oriental rugs to buy them at auction."

"Oh, I don't know but we do," said Mrs. Bruce. "We've looked at a good many now, and ought to know something about them. I know the kinds I like; and I notice they are usually the high-priced ones."

"All right," Bruce said; "if you think you won't get cheated. I've heard that folks do get bargains sometimes at auction-rooms."

Mary appeared at her husband's office Monday afternoon, flushed but triumphant. "I bought three rugs, Dick," she said. "Two of them are beauties—blue Bokharas; they'll match our Baluchistan beautifully."

"How much were they?" Bruce asked.

"Oh, I got them cheap—the auctioneer said so. One was forty-five and the other fifty-one dollars. You ought to see them; they look real silky."

"Did you make a deposit?"

"Yes, fifteen dollars. That was all I had. But he said that was all right—you could send him a check for the balance. I told him who you were."

"You say you bought three. What was the other one?"

"Oh, it was a little one, and I bought it because—well, I don't know why, unless 't was because I'd been bidding on the others, and got the habit. Some one bid ten dollars, and I raised it to twelve. I supposed of course some one would bid over me, and I did n't intend to bid again; but there were only those two bids, so I had to take it. It's not a very pretty one. The colors are dull, and it's worn a good deal. We'd have to get it mended, I guess, before we could use it; but I think it would do for one of the bedrooms. And, any way, twelve dollars is n't much when you consider how cheap I got the Bokharas. You'll go to-morrow and pay for them, won't you? They have to be paid for before they're sent out. That part is n't as nice as

trading on charge accounts, for then you can send things back if you don't like them."

At the auction-room the next morning Bruce asked to be shown the rugs. "Those are Baluchistans, are n't they?" he queried.

"Yes; or blue Bokharas—they're all the same thing," answered the man carelessly.

"Oh, is that so?" retorted Bruce. He examined the two rugs critically, and, remarking, "Well, we'll see you again about them," walked out.

"They are not Bokharas at all; they are Baluchistans, the same as ours, Mary," he said when he reached home. "We paid twenty-five dollars for ours, and these are not worth any more. You bid about fifty dollars too much, if I'm any judge."

"Oh, Dick, do you think so?" his wife asked. "And I thought I was getting them so cheap! It was all on account of that woman!"

"What woman?"

"Why, a stylishly dressed woman kept bidding as fast as I did. Every time I bid she raised it five dollars. I heard her talking about rugs. She seemed to know all about them, and she said those blue Bokharas were particularly handsome specimens. That made me think they were bargains, so I kept bidding till I outbid her."

Bruce began to grin.

"What is it, Dick?" Mary asked anxiously.

"Well, I don't know, of course, who your stylish woman was, but I suspect she was what they call a 'by-bidder'—some one the auction people have to bid against innocent buyers."

"Do you suppose she was, Dick? I almost believe so, because she bid on lots of things. She bought one rug for three hundred dollars."

"That looks suspicious. I may be wrong; but if she knew enough to buy a three-hundred dollar rug and not get cheated, she ought to have known better than to bid forty-five or fifty dollars for those Baluchistans."

"What shall we do, Dick?—tell them we don't want them and ask them to give back my fifteen dollars?"

"I'm not sure we could do that. What do they say in that catalogue you had? Let's see: 'Upon failure of complying with conditions here mentioned, the money deposited as part payment for articles bought shall be forfeited, and all lots uncleared within the stipulated time shall be resold, and the deficiency—if any—between the sum bid by the original bidder and the sum realized at the re-sale shall be made good by the defaulter at this sale, together with all charges attending a forced re-sale.' Um! they seem to make conditions pretty much all in their favor."

"What does it mean, Dick?"

"It means that if you've bid on a thing, they intend to make you take it."

"Perhaps they would n't make us. I'm going in to see them to-morrow. If I say we've decided we want a large rug instead of small ones, they ought to let us off. I might say we'd give them five dollars of the fifteen as a sort of commission. Not at first, though. I'd wait and see what they said. I don't think we ought to be made to take some rugs we don't want. Why, see how ridiculous 't is, when you compare it with the way other stores do. The regular stores will send things out to your house—anything you want—and you can return them without any question. And for an auction-room to make you take something you have n't even had sent home—something you don't want at any price—why, it's preposterous—simply preposterous! And I'm going to tell them so if they say we've got to take those rugs. I'm going to ask them, too, if they have boy bidders——"

"'By-bidders,' my dear," interpolated Bruce.

"That's what I said; and I'm going to ask them if they think it's fair and honorable to have some woman in there, all dressed up, bid against you, and tell others, so you can hear her, that this or that rug is a great bargain. If they do, I shall tell them I think it's nothing short of fraud and they ought to be prosecuted for getting money under false pretenses."

"Don't you think you'd better let me attend to it, my dear?"

"No, Dick; I'm going myself. I'm to blame. I need n't have gone in and bid on their old rugs. Besides, they'd let a woman off when they would n't a man. I shall simply tell them we don't want the rugs. They can't make us take them."

Mary's pretty face wore a look of gloom when Bruce came home the next evening. "They say we bought the rugs, and they can't take them back," she told him. "They said they'd be foolish to do business that way. They have to pay salaries and rent, the man said, and are not in business strictly for their health. That was vulgar, was n't it? But it was really the only rude thing he said. I told him we were not under any legal obligation to take them, and he said he begged to differ: it was the law in this State that when people bid on a thing at a public auction and it was knocked down to them, they had to take it. If they refused to pay for it, they could be sued, he said, and the purchase money and costs of suit could both be collected. I'm afraid we'll have to take them, Dick. You would n't want to be sued. I told him I'd heard they had by-bidders, and that made him angry. He wanted to know who told me, and said he defied any one to prove it. I asked him who Mrs. Camp was, and he said he did n't know, except that she was a customer who bought things of them occasionally. But he looked funny when I mentioned her name, and went right to

talking about something else. Every little while he'd repeat, 'A sale is a sale.' He said that when they bought anything themselves they expected to pay for it, and when they sold anything they expected others to pay for it; they treated others fairly and honestly and expected to be treated fairly and honestly in return. He talked in that strain so much that I got to feeling it was n't fair not to take the rugs. Suppose that woman was n't one of their own bidders—I'm sure she was, though—and would have paid what she bid for the rugs, they would have got almost as much as we'll have to pay. When you look at it that way it seems only right we should take them. But I hate to dreadfully. I went into Meadows & Company's and saw the loveliest large rug—just what I'd like; it would go beautifully in the parlor. And 't was only a hundred and fifty dollars. It would n't cost much more than those horrid blue Bokharas. I know I shall never like them if we take them. I should never look at them without feeling that they'd been crammed down our throats, so to speak. Would n't it be dreadful to have to live with them forever?"

"Oh, you'd get over it, my dear," comforted Bruce. "Anyhow, they match the Baluchistan, which was what we set out to do."

The next day Bruce sent his check for ninety-three dollars to the auction firm and had an express company deliver the rugs.

"Really, they don't look so bad," he commented when he saw them.

"They're horrid—just horrid!" his wife exclaimed, gazing at them with gloomy eyes. "Dick, I want to take some of my money from the bank and pay for them and then hide the horrid things away where I'll never see them again. Then we'll buy the rug I saw at Meadows's. I know I shall never be happy as long as these rugs are on the floor."

"Well, Mary, of course I don't want you to be unhappy. Suppose we let them stay for a few days, though, and then if you feel the same about them we can put them out and get others. That little twelve-dollar one is n't bad when you come to look at it, except that it's worn and looks soiled. I see the catalogue calls it a Turkish prayer rug. The place for it is in the Den. It'll go fine with the reds and browns;" and Bruce spread it on the Den floor. "There! What do you want better than that, Mary? Honestly, I believe I'd give more for that rug than for both the others. I don't believe you got cheated any on that."

"Don't you, Dick? It does look pretty in the Den. I can mend it where it's worn, and I guess I can clean it up some. I'm glad there's one rug in the lot we like."

Mary called Bruce up on the telephone next day. "Say, Dick," she said, "there's a man here from the auction-room. He came to say

we need n't take that prayer rug if we don't want to; he'll pay us back the twelve dollars. At first I was going to let him, and then I remembered you liked it in the Den, and thought I'd better call you up first."

"Does he say why he wants it back?" Bruce asked.

"No; he says they told him at the auction-room to come out and give us twelve dollars for it. He says they told him to say the offer was only good for to-day."

"Well, you tell him to tell his folks that we are much obliged, but we think we'll keep it."

"Wait a minute, Dick, while I tell him. I want to see what he says."

A minute later she was at the telephone again. "He says they told him he might offer fifteen dollars if we did n't want to take twelve. Don't you think it's funny they should do that? I do. I don't think we'd better let him have it."

"Certainly not," Bruce answered. "You tell him that if they want to buy back all three rugs at the price we paid, we'll consider their offer, but that we don't care to sell only one of them, especially the one we paid least for and like best."

When Bruce reached home that night they talked it over. "What do you suppose they want the prayer rug back for, any way?" Mary asked.

"Don't know," Bruce answered, "unless they've found 't was worth more than we paid for it."

In the evening the door-bell rang. "I am Mr. Henry, of Henry & Hark, auctioneers," said the gentleman, presenting a card. "I have just learned from my partner, Mr. Hark, that you objected to taking the rugs which Mrs. Bruce bid on at our auction-rooms a few days ago. Had I known you preferred not to take them, I should have said, 'All right; we don't want you to if you don't want to.' But, unfortunately, I was not consulted, and Mr. Hark let you understand that we should hold you to your contract." The auctioneer's gaze had fallen on the prayer rug, and Bruce noted a gleam in the eager eyes. "I called this evening," continued Mr. Henry, "to say that if you still do not care for the rugs, we will take them back and cheerfully refund your money. Of course it is not business-like, but we wish all our customers to be pleased."

"You mean you will take back all three rugs?" Bruce asked.

"Yes; it is not business-like, but we will do it."

"Why do you want them back?" Bruce put the question bluntly.

"Er—why, we don't want them back, you understand. We merely wish our customers to be satisfied."

"Oh, I see," Bruce said coldly. "Is it your custom to require

patrons to take the articles they bid on if they do not wish to, or was your partner acting contrary to your custom when he required us to take these rugs?"

"Oh, it is our custom," answered the auctioneer. "We really could n't do business, you know, if we permitted people to bid on things and then take them or not, according to how the whim seized them. We could n't do that. You would n't expect us to, Mr. Bruce."

"Yet you say you want your customers to be satisfied."

"We do."

"All your customers?"

"Certainly."

"Well, how do you satisfy them, if you make them pay for things they don't want? Do you usually go to their homes afterwards and offer to buy back what they've bought? If you do, you make yourselves a good deal of extra work."

The auctioneer was silent.

"It's perfectly plain, Mr. Henry," continued Bruce, "that you are not acting frankly. For some reason, you want back that little prayer rug. I don't believe you care for the others at all; in fact, I'm sure you don't. You are willing to take them, though, even at the high prices we paid, in order to get the prayer rug again. But, unfortunately for you, that prayer rug now belongs to us. 'A sale's a sale,' as your partner assured my wife several times, and the rug has passed out of your possession completely. You want it back—that's perfectly clear—but before you can have it you'll have to pay for it—our price! Now what do you want it for?"

The auctioneer looked at Bruce. The latter's expression was quiet, but determined.

"You are right, Mr. Bruce," the auctioneer said, after an embarrassing pause. "I may as well be frank. That prayer rug is quite a valuable rug. It's a long story, but, briefly put, through the carelessness of a servant this rug was included with some others that were sent to our sales-room to be sold. The owner did not intend to sell this one, but he was away from home at the time, and did not discover that the rug was gone till yesterday. Yes, Mr. Bruce, that little rug is intrinsically worth seventy-five or eighty dollars, and its owner, on account of associations, values it at a still higher figure."

"I presume you are referring now to its former owner," Bruce answered grimly. "However, as you say, its owner—its real owner—values it, also on account of associations" ("I really could n't forbear saying it," Bruce told his wife afterwards), "at a still higher figure. If you had come to me in the first place and explained the matter, instead of sending a man out to try to buy back the rug for twelve or fifteen dollars, I should have been inclined to let you have the rugs

back for the price I paid you—one hundred and eight dollars. My wife has seen a rug at another store, the price of which is one hundred and fifty dollars. She wants that rug. She has worried a good deal over these rugs which we bought of you, and which she does n't want. Because she has worried about them—and all on account of the course your firm has pursued in the matter—I am desirous of making her a present of that hundred-and-fifty-dollar rug. It is to compensate her for her worry. For this reason, in selling those rugs back to you, I shall demand a bonus of one hundred and fifty dollars, or two hundred and fifty-eight dollars altogether."

Mrs. Bruce stared at her husband in amazement, but, after a single glance at the imperturbable young man, the auctioneer said, "Very well," and, drawing forth his pocket-book, counted out the price.

"I'll take the prayer-rug with me," he said, rising, "and send for the other two to-morrow."

A few days later Bruce read to his wife from an evening newspaper about a famous antique prayer rug, of Turkish design but Persian weave, that through a mistake had been taken from a valuable collection and sent to an auction-room, where it had been knocked down to a bidder at the absurd sum of twelve dollars. A picture of the rug was given. Even to the frayed edges and the little hole near the centre, it corresponded in every detail of design and character with the one that so recently had reposed on the floor of the Bruces' Den.

"Its owner valued this choice specimen at twenty-five hundred dollars," Bruce read. "We lost about twenty-three hundred dollars on our bargain, it seems."

"I don't care if we did," his wife answered. "I shall feel better now about getting this hundred-and-fifty-dollar rug for nothing. And, oh, Dick, is n't it a beauty!"



PHILOSOPHY FOR THE MARRIED.

A MAN detained against his will is with the boys in spirit still.

THE Egoist is always "unequally yoked."

Two tragedies in wedlock: No children; too many.

WHEN an "only son" weds an "only daughter," nothing but the grace of God and tolerant in-laws will save the situation.

Minna Thomas Antrim

THE HILLS OF DAWN

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

I.

WHEN Fairhaven heard that Philip Delabarre had lost his position again and was deep in some new invention, it always sighed, "Poor Amy! How fortunate that she takes things easily!" And usually some one would add, "But it makes one's heart ache to think of that poor little Anise."

In all of which popular judgment was curiously at fault, for "poor Amy" did not take things easily at all, but, being blessed with the gift of laughter and endowed with a fierce and desperate pride, she never faltered in her part; whereas "poor little Anise," adoring her mother, and living always in a marvellous fairyland that she and Amy created day by day, had joys and mysteries never dreamed of by the average child. As for Philip Delabarre, with his fine nervous face, visionary eyes, and gentle impracticable ways, there were not two people in Fairhaven who knew enough of the terrible tyranny of passions of the mind, to say "poor Philip."

It was a brilliant September afternoon that Philip came home after a private interview with the manager of Carter & Lydon's. He scarcely felt that he had been dismissed; the manager had put it very gently, for nobody ever disliked Philip Delabarre. He felt simply that another task had been finished, and he must look about for something else. He bought a paper "for suggestions," but his eye happening to fall upon an item about a new torpedo being tried by the Navy Department, he was off at once, and, scarcely noticing the absence of Amy and the child, he ran up to the tiny room that he called his den. When Amy and Anise came in at five o'clock, Amy glowing like a girl, and even Anise's small serious face flushed with the autumn joy, his table was strewn with bits of paper covered with minute, delicate figures. Amy ran forward with a little cry—her color gone like an out-blown candle. She controlled herself instantly and looked over her shoulder at Anise.

"Run out in the yard a few minutes, sweet," she said, and Anise went at once.

Philip looked up, dazed and eager.

"I have it this time, Amy—it can't fail!" he cried.

Amy put her hand on his shoulder; in her face tenderness and pity and despair shone together.

"Have you lost your place, Philip?" She did not say "again"—she never said it.

In Philip's eyes trouble and shame gathered; he pushed the papers aside and his hand was trembling. "It—it was only a temporary place, Amy!" he cried.

"Yes, dear," she answered. She knew (and the knowledge was the bitterness of aloes to her) that to another man it would have been the door of opportunity.

"And I'll find something else at once, of course," he hurried on. "I think I've been doing the wrong things before—that's the trouble. I never was made for business. I think I'll try some of the architects—you know I took a course once. I can take off plans, and my lettering would come in there—I can do fine lettering, Amy."

"You can do beautiful lettering," Amy agreed bravely.

"Yes, that's what I'll do; I'll try the architects. I don't know why I haven't thought of them before. And meantime—for it may be a few days of course, dear—I can work on this new torpedo. If I could do that—oh, Amy, if at last I can give you what I've dreamed——!"

Amy was looking at him, terrified now.

"*Torpedo!* Why, Philip, I thought that they were for killing people!"

Philip laughed. "So they are—for killing people wholesale. Don't you see what it means, dear? It means the end of war. No nation on earth would dare face such destruction. Now, see here"—and he turned to his notes and began explaining.

Amy listened and her color came slowly back. She could not have told herself just how much she believed. Just once in the years since she had been married, she had said something; it was when she cried pathetically to old Dr. McGruder, "I *have* to try to believe." So now she let Philip talk and she listened for half an hour, but all the time she was busy with the old, old problem how to live upon nothing until Philip should find another position. When at last she said she must go and get supper, Philip had talked himself confident. As she was closing the door, however, something—some old memory—cut sharply across his hope; he caught it in a second and called imperatively:

"Amy!"

She turned back, waiting.

"Amy, remember, this is only for a few days. Perhaps to-morrow I can find work—though if I could wait a few days—even a week—— But, Amy, remember you are not to do anything. I'm not going to

have my wife working—not if I have to drive a horse-car! Now, remember, Amy.”

With a sudden swift gesture Amy ran to his side and kissed him once, twice. “Poor Philip!” she said.

Yes, after all, there were two people who understood, and, understanding, pitied with the tenderness which is perhaps as nearly divine as anything struggling human hearts can know.

Amy found Anise in the swing under the big cherry tree. She slipped into the seat beside the child: there were people who said that Amy was more of a child than Anise. Anise, nestling happily against her mother, spoke first:

“Is father thinking about things again, mother?”

Amy caught her breath, but she answered at once:

“Yes, sweet.”

“Then I suppose,” Anise went on, “we’ll have to begin to do something pretty soon.”

“Perhaps not,” Amy replied. “Anise, see that long pink cloud. How many wild roses do you suppose it takes to make a cloud like that?”

But Anise had no thoughts for sunsets then. “We always do, you know, mother,” she argued, “and I guess it won’t be any different this time. I wonder what it will be. I liked making cakes because I could make the icings and have what stuck to the egg-beater; I did n’t like teaching because you were away so long and I could n’t do anything to help except set the table, and that did n’t seem like helping because it had to be done any way. Then there was copying, but that was horrid because it made you so tired. But perhaps it will be something new, mother—I think I’d like something new. Do you suppose it might be?”

“I should n’t be surprised,” Amy sighed. Then, meeting the anxiety in Anise’s grave eyes, she made herself laugh. “We’ll talk it all over to-morrow,” she said. “I shall expect you to give me your best judgment. I think we’ll have to have a cup of tea to help us decide.”

“Oh!” cried Anise, with a long breath of delight; then: “Mother?”

“What is it, sweet?”

“Shall we begin not wanting any butter to-morrow? And meat—I don’t care about meat, mother, truly I don’t.”

“No!” cried Amy sharply.

II.

It was something new. That night, sitting by Anise’s bed long after the child was asleep, and watching the line of light under the door of Philip’s den, Amy thought it all out. She would not try for

teaching yet. Philip might get another place soon—at least, she must not plan as if he would not—it would n't be fair to Philip. But, on the other hand, if she could do something that would not hurt Philip's pride, and yet that would bring her in something for emergencies! And suddenly an inspiration came to her, and, flushed and eager, she leaned forward, her hands clasped about her knees in the way she had always from a child dreamed her dreams. Perhaps, after all, she must in simple justice make allowances for Philip's dreaming.

The next day she and Anise had their "consultation." It was Saturday, and Philip, giving himself one day before starting on his search for work, was figuring furiously in his den. Amy and the child were doing the Saturday cooking, which included, to Anise's great satisfaction, three little currant cakes. One of them went up to father on one of the best plates. The other two, with some "cambric" tea, made the Treat in the middle of the afternoon. Amy poured the tea out of the broken-nosed teapot (she had been planning to buy a new one the next week), and the two ate their currant cakes with great ceremony. Then at last Anise asked her question:

"Have you decided, mother?"

"Yes," Amy nodded, "and it is something new."

"Oh!" Anise cried. "I'm so glad, mother! And can I help in it?"

"Of course you can help. Could I get along without you?" Amy asked.

Anise drew a long breath of content.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she repeated. Then she waited. Anise never was much of a talker.

"We are—you may have three guesses, Anise."

Anise pondered seriously.

"Is it making jellies, mother, like Miss Eliza Cooke?"

"No," Amy replied; "it is n't jellies."

"It—it is n't sewing, is it, mother?" The tone was doubtful. Anise was a born needle-woman, but Amy's impatient spirit chafed at the tyranny of stitches, and her work was apt to betray unfortunate weaknesses at critical moments. She laughed as she answered:

"Not I! Who do you suppose would look at my sewing? They'd say, 'Why don't you take lessons of your daughter?'"

Anise sighed with relief. Mother was only joking, of course—Anise was really only beginning to sew; but she had more than once glanced hurriedly away from some of her mother's stitches; it seemed disloyal to see how long they were.

"It might be candies," she suggested hopefully.

"No—all wrong—I knew you could n't guess. It's painting, Anise."

Anise sat up very straight. Why, of course—why had n't she thought of it? Mother painted beautifully, and everybody needed pictures and painted thermometers and things.

"Painted things are all the fashion now," Amy went on. "Mrs. Leighton, over at Bridgeton, makes ever so much money by them, and I can paint as well as she. And we'll have classes too."

"And I'll have to put the rooms in order after they go," Anise put in, grasping the situation at once. "You know, mother, you never have time to put the chairs straight."

"You—*baby!*" Amy laughed.

Anise looked puzzled; mother only called her "baby" when she had said something very grown-up. For a moment she tried to puzzle it out, but, after all, it was n't worth while with such thrilling excitement at the door.

"I think," she pronounced judgment, "that it will be the loveliest thing we ever did, mother."

Amy began at once to carry out her plan, saying to her friends that she was going to devote herself to painting that year, and would be willing to take a few pupils. Everybody was very kind. "Poor Amy!" they said. "Philip is out of work again—we must help her all we can. She is a brave little thing; it's a great blessing that she can take things as easily as she does."

And "poor Amy," knowing exactly what they were saying, laughed and sparkled when people saw her, and walked the floor with set lips when she was alone. For Philip could not find another place. At first he went out heroically day after day, with such a hunted look in his eyes that Amy had to hold herself fast to keep from running after him and calling him back. But when he had gone the rounds of all possible places and there was no encouragement anywhere, he came back like some wild creature that had slipped the noose of captivity and was free at last.

"It can't be long, dear; some place must open soon," he said, "and meantime, Amy, I can't help thinking that this may be providential. I know that I almost have the secret, if only we can hold out a little while. There's some money, is n't there?"

"A—a little," Amy faltered. She could not tell him how little, and, besides, it would have done no good, for Philip never in his life had had any appreciation of money. But Amy's voice, if not her words, reached him through his dreams, and for a moment he hesitated. "Amy," he cried, drawing her to him—"oh, you poor, brave little girl, to think that I should bring you to this! It almost kills me, Amy."

But it will be only a little while and then—oh, Amy, to be able to give you things—rich and beautiful and luxurious things!”

And so the moment passed, and Amy, kissing him gently, turned away without a word, and went to gird herself anew for the old heart-breaking struggle.

So the classes began. Fairhaven, as has been said, was very kind, and Amy soon had a dozen pupils besides one private one. The private one was Marietta Rogers, who wanted to decorate a pale blue silk mantel-lambrequin with a design of roses copied from a florist's catalogue—a work of art at which Anise gazed with bated breath. The classes were less ambitious; they began with studies of cattails and violets, and advanced gradually to decorating small holywood palettes with wild roses and trailing arbutus. Anise filled the painting-cups with water and supplied paint-rags, and before the lesson and after it set the chairs straight (that which her mother never had time to do), and between-whiles was supremely happy, painting square, smudgy cattails and florid wild roses. But the classes were only part of the plan. A dozen pupils at fifty cents a lesson do not furnish the necessities of life very abundantly, to say nothing of any of the luxuries of which Philip dreamed. So, as fast as she could earn the money to buy materials, Amy began painting the ornaments then in fashion—little wooden fans, glove and jewel and handkerchief boxes, paper-cutters and blotters, banners and lamp-shades. To Anise, this was the most wonderful fairy tale she had ever yet known. Amy consulted her about every piece, and let her help choose the little birds with real feathers that were pasted on some of the screens. Then as the collection grew (there was to be a grand exhibit in December) they cleared the books out of the big secretary and displayed the things on its shelves. Anise was allowed to arrange and rearrange as much as she pleased, and she was never tired of opening the doors with their green puckered silk, to surprise herself with the sight of the marvellous flower-blooming treasures within. Once or twice it troubled her a little that her mother did not use all her opportunities.

One evening when Amy was frowning over the old-gold plush she was sewing upon a goldenrod and purple aster banner, she spoke of it.

“There's shovels,” she observed reflectively, “and Mrs. Porter has a rolling-pin.”

“What, dear?” Amy asked absently.

“The shovel had a house and trees and snow—why don't you paint some shovels, mother?”

“Oh!” Amy said, enlightened. “I see. Don't you think, sweet, that the snow would get rather black in the coal-hod? And the rolling-pin—suppose the paint should come off when you were rolling out turnovers some day?”

"But, mother," Anise objected, "I don't think Mrs. Porter uses her rolling-pin. She has it hanging in the parlor, 'side of the piano."

"Oh!" Amy breathed in laughing despair. She had once said to Dr. McGruder that she could n't get reconciled to Anise's having no sense of humor; he had told her not to worry—that the child probably never would be in a place where she would need one—at which Amy had quickly changed the subject. Now, seeing the expectant face, she explained gravely that she thought other things were prettier than rolling-pins, and Anise, with a sigh of relief, considered the matter settled; she never questioned her mother's judgment.

And, after all, the exhibition was a disappointment. Anise had spent hours carefully dusting the rooms, and every chair toed the mark in the most irreproachable fashion. The Things—the marvellous, fascinating Things—had been tried in a thousand different positions till each was in the place where its perfection was best displayed. Amy, excited and a little bit nervous, looked absurdly like a girl, and Anise with her grave, shy pride was so irresistible that nobody could help petting her. Yet though everybody admired and many people said that they were coming in again before Christmas, the actual receipts were only nine dollars and sixty-five cents. It was a bad moment when Amy added them up. She had not realized before how much she had been counting upon this for the things they were beginning to need so desperately—and for Anise's Christmas. Philip tried to say something, but the words choked in his throat, and he hurried out and wandered about the streets for hours. It was Anise who brought comfort. Intent upon the counting, she had not looked at her mother's face.

"That's a great deal of money, is n't it, mother?" she asked eagerly. And Amy, suddenly understanding the blessed magic of childhood's kingdom, caught her up passionately.

"Of course it is, sweetheart—we're rich!" she cried.

And then the very next day the incredible happened.

III.

AMY was out at the time, so Anise opened the door when the bell rang, and for a moment—so wonderful was the vision—she absolutely forgot her small careful manners, and stared speechlessly. There were two ladies, but the older she disposed of with a single glance; it was the younger one with the golden hair and beautiful furs and trailing velvet gown who was, Anise was sure of it, a princess out of fairyland. It was the younger one who spoke, smiling in amusement at the child's admiration.

"Is Mrs. Delabarre in?"

Anise stood very straight and grave; it was part of her "manners."

"No, ma'am; she's out," she answered.

The lady turned poutingly to her companion.

"How very annoying—after coming 'way down here!"

"Perhaps," the other suggested, "she may be back soon." But Anise corrected her.

"No, ma'am, I don't guess she will. She went to the city."

"Of course," the younger lady remarked.

"Won't you come in?" Anise asked. Partly it was politeness and partly a longing to keep the vision a few blissful moments more; but the older lady turned with a sudden inspiration.

"We wanted to see Mrs. Delabarre's painting," she explained. "We could n't get down yesterday. Is there any one who would show it to us?"

Anise's face brightened. "I know all about the things," she said confidently. "I keep the key when mother's away."

"How lovely!" the older lady cried. "Isabel dear, this little girl will show us the things, so the time was n't wasted after all. Which way, dear?"

Anise led them into the parlor and opened the blinds to give more light. She had to climb up on a chair to unlock the secretary; the ladies watched with amused eyes while she opened the doors and then drew the chair back to the exact spot from which she had taken it.

"Now you can look," she said then.

The two ladies, laughingly accepting the permission, began looking at the things. Anise could not follow all their swift comment, but she understood that they liked some of them very much and her heart beat high with pride. Maybe—oh, if they would only buy something! And then before her bewildered eyes they took out one thing after another—a glove box, two lamp-shades, the little pitcher with the butterfly handle, a cup and saucer, three jewel boxes, a dozen dinner-cards, another glove box, and a banner.

"There!" the Beautiful Lady said at last. "I think that is all. Can your mother send those to me to-morrow, little girl?"

Anise's eyes shone big and gray. "Yes, ma'am; I guess she can," she answered. "Charley Keller carries her things round for her."

"Very well, we'll expect Charley Keller to-morrow," the lady laughed. "Here is my name, and I live in the big house with pillars on Chestnut Street. And tell your mother to send the bill with the things. Will you remember?"

"The big house with the pillars on Chestnut Street, and to send the bill with the things," Anise repeated.

"That's right. Tell your mother she has a lovely little show-woman. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by," Anise returned, and added shyly, "We'd be pleased to have you come again," at which the ladies went off laughing.

Anise watched till the carriage was out of sight; then she rearranged the things in the secretary so as to fill the empty spaces, locked it up again, placed the lady's purchases in a long straight row across the top of the melodeon, and sat down to wait for her mother.

It was dusk when Amy returned, and a light snow was falling. She came in tired from trying to carry bundles and hold up her skirts at the same time. As she had come down the street she had been thinking wearily how comfortable it would be not to have to get supper when one came home tired from an afternoon in the city. Then the door opened and Anise's arms were about her neck and Anise's eager voice was pouring out the afternoon's wonderful story.

"What things? How many?" Amy cried. She spilled her bundles into a chair and ran across to the melodeon and began to count. In a moment she whirled about, her eyes shining, every trace of weariness gone.

"*Thirty-one dollars!* Anise, if you could know what thirty-one dollars means!"

"Is it a very great deal, mother?" Anise asked, flushed and excited.

"A fortune," Amy laughed. "We're millionaires! Anise, run and get your rubbers and leggings, quick! We're going to celebrate—we've got to or I shan't sleep to-night! Anise, *hurry!*"

Anise hurried as fast as she could; five minutes later, her red mitten clinging to Amy's old glove, the two were running down the street through the snow.

"There is n't a soul to see!" Amy cried. "Is n't it fun, Anise?" And Anise, her small face pink with the cold and happiness together, agreed that it was.

At the corner of Washington Street, laughing and glowing, they almost ran into Dr. McGruder. He turned Anise's face up to the light and looked from one to the other.

"What sort of doings is this?" he grumbled. "Respectable married women running round looking like girls of sixteen! What do you suppose would become of doctors if everybody carried on this way?"

"We'd raise a fund for useless doctors," Amy laughed at him.

"You look like good news, child," he said, his kind old heart longing, yet scarcely daring, to hope for the best news.

But Amy laughed still. "It is good news. Anise and a beautiful lady did it out of a fairy story together. It's a fortune, and we're going to spend it. If you'll come home with us, we'll give you some oysters."

"Wish I could," he returned promptly; "but there are still a few people considerate enough to get sick. Good luck to you!" He stood watching a moment while the two went on through the snow. Amy

tried to walk decorously now that she had been caught, but she danced in spite of herself.

"I wonder," the old doctor muttered, "how many more years 't will take to kill that!"

Amy and Anise bought their oysters, and then Amy, looking in her purse and finding seventy-five cents still left, could not resist a scarlet hood for Anise in place of the old faded one which she disdainfully refused to carry home (there is no question but that Amy, if she had had an opportunity, might have been extravagant), and then the two ran home again in a gale of laughter, and made the stew, and were so merry over the little feast, that even poor Philip brightened under their hopefulness and persuaded himself that fortune had turned at last, and to-morrow he must grasp the secret that baffled him.

"And then," he said, "Anise shall have hoods of cloth of gold, and you, Amy——"

"I'll have a coach and four," Amy declared gaily. This one evening, she said to herself, she would not let herself think.

The next day Charley Keller carried the packages and a carefully made out bill for thirty-one dollars to the house on Chestnut Street. When he returned and said that Mrs. Knowlton was not in, Amy was disappointed for a moment; it was only for a moment, however; Mrs. Knowlton, of course, would send the money in a day or two. And when two days had passed, and then a week more, Amy persuaded herself that in some way the bill must have been mislaid, and sent another, with a pretty, apologetic note. When this too received no answer, and she realized that she could not hope for the money till New Year's, she ran up in the attic and had a brief, tempestuous cry all by herself; then mornings, while Anise was at school, she sewed fiercely upon wardrobes for all her old dolls, to make up for the new one she had dreamed of buying her. And, after all, Christmas was not so bad. Anise was as happy over a doll's Christmas tree as she would have been over a big one, and neighbors sent in so many kind and delicate remembrances that when Amelia Carson's package of unbleached cotton cloth arrived ("because, dear Amy, I don't believe in fancy gifts when the necessities of life are lacking"), Amy was able to laugh and pretend even to herself that she was n't hurt. Besides, all her energies were set to keeping Philip bright—poor Philip, to whom gift days were cruelly hard.

By the last of December there were bills at the grocer's and butcher's, and Amy was busy hiding from Anise the fact that she was "not wanting" butter and meat. Fortunately, it was easy to keep such things from Philip; and the first of January thirty-one dollars would come to her. But the first of January and the second and the third passed, and no response to her bill, and finally one afternoon, with set lips and a

beating heart, Amy went over to Chestnut Street herself. She came back so upset that even Philip noticed, and got the story out of her. When he understood, without a word he put on his shabby overcoat and went out. Amy put her face down on the old study table and sobbed, half for her own repulse, half from comfort that Philip would do it. Though she was woman and he man, Amy knew it was harder for him than for her; nor was she surprised when he came back heavy-footed.

"I could n't get at her," he said.

Amy's hand went out to his. "Poor boy!" she said.

"Amy," he cried, "to think that I——" And then of course Amy had to comfort him.

"After all," she said at last when they had talked long, "it was only thirty-one dollars" (only thirty-one—how much splendid heroism an adverb can hold!), "and there will be money coming in from my classes pretty soon. Anise must n't guess it—that's the thing I'm most anxious about; it would break her heart if she knew."

And because their backs were towards the door, and because the little figure was always so silent, neither of them heard it slip upstairs.

IV.

Up in her little blue room, Anise shut the door and knelt down by her bed. Her room was furnished after the fashion of the time with a painted "cottage set," but Anise's set was different from any one's else, for Amy herself had decorated it for her upon her last birthday. There were bluebells upon the bureau drawers, and forget-me-nots on the chair backs, and blue butterflies upon the footboard of her bed, and bluebirds on the headboard. Anise, kneeling between the butterflies and the bluebirds, made her prayer.

"O dear God, let the lady give me the money, and please, please don't let me be afraid." Then rising, she put on her best coat and hood and stole softly downstairs.

It was a long way to the lady's—long, that is, for a little girl of ten, and Anise was very tired before she reached it; yet when the house with the big pillars came in sight at last, she felt as if she must turn around and run and never stop till she reached the shelter of home. She stood for several minutes at the gate because her heart was beating so that she could n't speak. Her face was white with terror, and all the way up the drive she was praying her prayer, "Dear God, don't let me be afraid—please don't let me be afraid." And, still praying, still desperately beating back her agony, she reached the piazza and rang the bell.

A colored woman came to the door. Anise's voice was so low that

she had to repeat her question twice before she could make it understood. When she did the women led her down a long hall and threw open a door, and there was a sudden surge of light and music and laughter.

"Mis' Isabel, yere's a little girl fo' to see yo'," the woman called.

Anise stood upon the threshold, her small red-mittened hands tightly clutched, her small frightened face looking out from the red hood. There was a sudden lull in the talk and laughter as everybody looked at her curiously. Then the fairy-story lady stepped out of the group.

"A little girl to see me? Why, child, how frightened you look! We're not hobgoblins. Whose little girl are you?"

It had come. And perhaps the dear God had heard, after all, for suddenly the dreadful thumping stopped. Anise's gray eyes looked steadily up into the pretty amused face.

"I'm Mrs. Delabarre's little girl, and I've come for the money," she said.

The pretty lady flushed, then frowned. "Did you ever!" she exclaimed, turning to her friends. "A mere baby like that! I should think they would be ashamed."

Anise caught her breath. She was so angry she had to shut her eyes and think of her mother hard.

"Mother did n't make me," she said then. "Nobody sent me. But you would n't pay mother and you would n't pay father, and I was the one that let you have the things, so I thought I ought to come. Will you please give me the money?"

The lady made an exclamation of impatience. "I can't let you have it now," she said. "Run away now like a good child. I'll send it to you in a little while. Run out in the kitchen and tell Della to give you a cooky. Della"—with a pretty smile—"makes lovely cookies."

Without a word Anise turned away and, closing the door after her, went slowly down the hall—she did not go near the kitchen. Afterwards she remembered that she had not said good-by, but somehow she was too tired to be ashamed, as she felt that she ought to be. She sat down on the piazza steps to wait: the sun was upon the steps, and it was not cold—at least, not very cold. And the lady had said that she would send the money in a little while.

The short winter afternoon wore on. The sunlight crept down the steps one by one and finally slipped away altogether. Anise tried to walk up and down, but she was too tired and had to go back to the steps. Her hands and feet stung so for a while that she had hard work to keep from crying, but presently they stopped stinging and just felt heavy. "Dear God," she prayed, "please let her send the money soon."

Four o'clock, half past four, five. Anise tried to count the horse-cars that passed every few minutes. Quarter after five. A tear rolled down the small white face. She was so cold—and tired—and it was so far from home. The words seemed to echo from a great distance:

"Hi there, youngster!"

It was the doctor's voice, but Anise did not move. She did not even look up when a horse and buggy whirled into the drive.

"What in the name of infernal carelessness!" the doctor sputtered, and then: "Anise Delabarre!"

Anise tried to lift her heavy head and explain. "I came for the money. The lady said she'd send it soon—and I waited—all the afternoon——"

With a smothered exclamation, the doctor picked her up in his arms and gave a pull at the bell that brought the household hurrying to the door.

"I want some hot bricks and shawls in a hurry," he ordered. "And I guess," he added grimly, "somebody'd better hand over the money this child came for."

Of what followed the child knew nothing. She did not know that she carried a roll of bills home in her mitten. She did not hear the cry with which Amy—who had been waiting wild with anxiety at home while Philip scoured the town—snatched her from the doctor's arms. It was not until the doctor was leaving, after he had done what he could, that Amy looked up with a question:

"Where did you find her?"

"On Mrs. Knowlton's steps."

"I have n't time to hate her now," Amy said slowly, "but if anything happens to Anise——"

The old doctor turned from the doorway.

"Amy," he said gravely, "there are many things beyond our knowledge, but I should not dare try to nurse that child if I had hate in my heart."

A quiver ran over Amy's face, and she sank down on the floor beside the little figure now tossing with fever. "Find Philip," she pleaded. "I need Philip. He's never wild and wicked, like me."

Philip came quickly, for the doctor met him down the street; he had aged years in the afternoon.

"Oh, Amy," he cried, "if I only had had a place!"

"Hush!" Amy cried. "Oh, Philip, don't—never mind anything if we can only keep her."

For a week they fought. It was Philip who was the stronger through those terrible nights and days. It was Philip finally who woke Amy that last agonizing day when, utterly exhausted, she had fallen asleep

for ten minutes. It was in the gray winter dawn that his touch woke her.

"She's conscious, Amy—she wants you."

There were long days yet when it seemed as if she still must slip from them, but at last, slowly but steadily, the tide of life flowed back. Then Philip went out one morning and came back quietly to Amy at night.

"I've got work," he said—"bookkeeper at Depford's."

"Oh, Philip," she cried, "how——" She broke off, but he understood.

"I told them," he said, "that I would n't give up till they gave me something, and *this is going to last.*" And Amy, looking at him, knew that out of the darkness of the shadow of death a soul had been born.



ARGUMENT

By Thomas L. Masson

A GREAT many people firmly believe that the sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening. Indeed, so fixed are they in this opinion, that it is practically impossible to convince them otherwise.

The mere fact that they entertain such a belief would be of no consequence in itself, were it not generally true that these people, as a rule, are worthy people, and in other respects all right. It is extremely difficult to understand how people otherwise so intelligent should entertain such opinions. A moment's thought would convince them otherwise.

To assert, for example, that the sun rises in the East, would be to imply that there is an East. The term "East," however, is purely relative. It differs with the individual, and is not a fixed quantity. It has no objective value, and proceeds from an illusion of the mind.

The same thing is true of the word "rises." The sun can no more rise than it can set. A hen sets, but the sun never does.* A little thought will enable the simplest mind to see this antinomy.

We could easily go on and demonstrate that there is no sun at all.

We are, however, lenient. We are broad and charitable in our views. We do not believe, on general principles, in making even the simplest and crudest minds too uncomfortable. They are happier for having some illusions left.

* Nothing, in an argument, is more effective than ridicule. That is why it is introduced at this point.

GOING UP

AN EPISODE

By Ella Middleton Tybout

Author of "The Smuggler," "A Bride for Casey," etc.

OLD John Jemison was justly proud of his red lines. Fine and delicate as a thread, they divided the pages of his big book into columns and sections of columns with undeviating exactness. In appropriate places they were doubled, and the microscopic bit of white showing between never varied a hair's breadth.

"For," said he, "there is no use doing a thing at all, if you don't do it right."

Old John had begun making red lines and copper-plate figures in the Treasury Department when his hair was thick brown and his figure erect and youthful. He continued to make them now, although the fringe of hair remaining at the back of his head was very white and his shoulders bent with the weight of years. In the beginning he had received fifty dollars a month for his work, but after fifty years' faithful service he had of course earned promotion, and an appreciative Government now paid him seventy-five—affluence, no doubt, from a Congressional viewpoint, but, nevertheless, he had not put away anything, nor made any gilt-edged investments. He had merely lived from day to day and reared his family as appeared best to him.

"It does seem as though I might have done better," he sometimes remarked, "steady work all these years and nothing in the toe of the stocking after all. I might have economized more, I guess. Now, there's the evening paper—we could live without it, but I've always taken it regularly. And tobacco too! Cigars are expensive even at two for five, yet I've smoked one every night since the day I was first sworn in at the Department."

There were changes while the cigars were being consumed. One administration merged into another, and Secretaries came and went. The city reached out its asphalt-covered arms further every year, while the vaults of the Treasury received ever-increasing stores, with much the same indifference that Old John sat at his desk by the window and looked out upon the White House with its shifting quota of occupants.

He had been "Young Jemison" when he first sat there, although this hardly seemed possible to the recent Civil Service appointments. They called him "Old Man Jemison" among themselves in compassionate derision, but as they grew to know him better they called him "Old John" with tolerant affection.

Old John shrugged his shoulders at the Civil Service. He had not progressed with the times and thought lightly of competitive examinations and efficiency reports.

"I do my best," he said. "I always did and always will. And my books speak for themselves."

They spoke eloquently. Not a blot or erasure marred the highly glazed white pages of forty-eight volumes. There were forty-nine on the shelf, each representing a year of life, but of one he thought with regret. Two or three pages had here and there a correction, and the red lines wavered a bit now and then.

"That was the year Jack died," Old John would apologize, "and we thought Mary was going, too. But she did n't, poor girl!"

Mary had not accompanied Jack on his long journey, it was true, but she had spent the remaining thirty years on a couch, and endured her lot as best she could.

Passing years brought many new appointments. The large room, once peacefully and quietly busy, now teemed with humanity, and the click of the typewriter was incessant. Old John did not like typewriters. Their noise annoyed him, and he thought poorly of their work as compared with pen and ink in skilful hands.

"New blood," demanded those in authority. "Shake up the old fossils, and let us have modern business methods in the Departments."

The fossils were accordingly shaken, but somehow Old John escaped and placidly continued his work on Volume 50. It was not book-keeping in the recognized acceptance of the term, being chiefly the transfer of figures from vouchers to books in case they were ever needed for reference. During Old John's tenure they had never been referred to, but they were ready and waiting in case of emergency.

The Billion-Dollar Congress came and went. The Navy grew apace, and the Army became restive under varying endurance tests, while Capital and Labor clashed disastrously. Strenuousness was paramount.

"We must retrench and economize," declared Congress. "Let us investigate the Departments."

In due course the Investigating Committee reached the Treasury. Old John, hearing of its approach, smiled indulgently. He had seen the passing of many committees, leaving harmless ripples in their wake, and feared no investigation. Why, indeed, should he? His books spoke for themselves.

He felt quite a glow of conscious pride as he stood aside while

the pages were turned and the system explained by his Chief to the three men composing the committee. Old John knew no criticism could be made, for each page was perfect.

"No credit to me," he would say modestly. "It is only as it ought to be. And, of course, I know how."

The committee exchanged glances. One member made an entry in his note-book, and underscored it deeply.

"Simply another case," he remarked. "And how long have you kept these books?"

"This," said Old John, laying his hand affectionately upon the immaculate page, "is the fiftieth volume. I have filled them all."

The committee passed on to the next desk, and thence to the next room. It passed also from Old John's mind. He settled himself in his chair, drew down the green shade over his eyes, and resumed his work.

The days slipped away in peaceful monotony. Spring merged into summer, and the first of July approached, bringing with it the new fiscal year and the closing of Volume 50.

On the 30th of June Old John sat on his front steps and read the evening paper. He read it carefully from column to column and extracted from it all possible information as to affairs of the Nation. At times he disapproved of its policy and the sentiment of its editorials, but he did not stop his subscription on that account.

To-night he passed the paper to his wife with the usual remark: "Want the paper, Jennie? There's nothing in it."

Mrs. Jemison adjusted her glasses and scanned the head-lines. She rarely did more, unless some murder or local scandal proved unusually exciting.

"I see," she said, but without undue interest, "that there's changes expected in the Department to-morrow."

Old John did not ask which Department. To them the Treasury represented the foundation of the Government. Other branches were merely incidents, and required special designation.

"Changes?" he returned. "Why, so they say every year. It don't mean anything."

"No, it don't," agreed Mrs. Jemison. "You are proof of that."

"I have sat by the same window," he remarked, "for fifty years. Yes, and in the same chair, but the cushion has been recovered several times. It is green leather now instead of red. I don't like it so well. Fifty years! I was only twenty when I went—a mere lad. And I've never been disturbed."

His wife wiped her glasses carefully before turning to look at him. Her blue eyes were more faded than when they first sat together on the steps, but the love that shone in them was still undimmed.

"Disturbed!" she said proudly. "I should think not. Who could fill your place, I'd like to know?"

"Well," replied Old John, "I don't think it would be easy to fill my place. And they know it. Oh, yes, bless you! They know it. Nobody else has ever handled that work. I don't say nobody *could*."

"They could n't," interrupted Mrs. Jemison. "Now, *John*! They could n't, and you know it."

"Not the same way perhaps, just at first. But there's no place that can't be filled. After I'm dead and gone some one will have to do it. I only hope they'll get a man that knows how to *write*. It is an art quite lost sight of in the present day. Typewriters!" added Old John scornfully. "*Typewriters! Bah!*"

The first of July. All who labor in Uncle Sam's vineyard refer to the date with due respect and accord it every deference. It is then that new appropriations are available, and long planned changes in methods become operative. It is also then that the clerical force usually slide up or down the pay-roll schedule, as the case may be.

Old John opened Volume 51, and glanced critically through its white expanse of pages. Volume 50, completed, had joined the majority on the shelf at 4.30 on June 30, and turned its sheepskin back to the world in general.

"Another year!" soliloquized Old John. "How time flies!"

Gradually he became aware of subdued excitement in the large room. Clerks stood in groups whispering together, and the daily routine was temporarily suspended.

"What's the matter?" inquired Old John, roused to unusual interest.

They told him the changes had come. The Chief himself had been replaced—transferred—and a stranger appointed in his stead.

Old John was regretful. The Chief had been there thirty years. They lived in the same neighborhood and often went and came together, criticising the street-car service, and anathematizing the Washington climate when the weather did not suit them. In short, they were friends.

"What'd they want to do that for?" Old John questioned uneasily. "What does a new man know about this office anyhow? Why can't they let things alone?"

He felt vaguely apprehensive, and reluctant to begin Volume 51. In all its virgin freshness it waited the first stroke of the new Falcon pen, guided by a hand not wont to hesitate.

"I guess," he remarked, "I won't begin it till after lunch. It will be a confused morning, and I'll sort out the vouchers."

It *was* a confused morning. The departing Chief said good-by, and

introduced his successor. No work was accomplished, and lunch-time was welcomed as a respite from a tension acknowledged by all to be unpleasantly apparent. Old John always brought his sandwiches and slice of cake in a neat paper parcel, and usually they sufficed without further reinforcement. To-day, however, he repaired to a near-by quick lunch and demanded strong coffee. He felt that the stress of the morning justified this extravagance.

Much refreshed, he returned to the Treasury promptly at the expiration of the half-hour, and sought his own particular corner. Was this his desk? Old John paused, stared, advanced slightly, and stared again. His old familiar friend with its rolling top and row of pigeon-holes—each neatly docketed—was gone. In its place stood a highly varnished oak desk of modern manufacture. He knew the type. When you lifted the centre panel it slid out of sight and a typewriter popped up in its place. He felt no personal interest in it, but nevertheless went and stood beside it, for his feet had carried him to that especial corner so often that they gravitated there without his volition. The glass inkstand caught the sun's rays, and his eyes focussed on it. Surely that was his inkstand, with the nick in the cover! It was his calendar, with "June 30" crossed off in red like its predecessors; his eraser also—rusty from lack of use; his box of pens, and immaculate sponge-cup. All his possessions. He ran them over mentally with a vague sense of loss. Something was lacking. Again he counted, and this time he knew. Volume 51 was missing.

"Say!"

It was the latest Civil Service appointment speaking. His voice was strident and far-reaching, compelling attention.

"Say! The new Chief's been talking to me. He's done away with those old books of yours. They never were any good anyhow. You're to copy for the files, and I'm to teach you the typewriter."

He raised the centre panel as he spoke, and the machine appeared, self-assertive and impossible to ignore. Old John looked at it dully. The personal equation was still lacking, but he inspected it nevertheless. His instructor inserted a piece of paper, and twirled the small, uncomfortable operator's chair with practised hand.

"You put the paper in like this," he explained, "and the letters are in plain sight on the keyboard. All you've got to do is to pick 'em out. Here's the paper you're to copy. Typewritten and plain as daylight. Come now, start in."

Old John started in at one o'clock. At four-thirty one page of manuscript was copied, and his instructor came to see how he had progressed. In silence they both looked at the completed sheet. It told its own story, and even the young man from the Civil Service

read and understood it. He was a kindly youth, though afflicted with misplaced official zeal, and believed best results are accomplished by encouragement.

"That's the time of day," he said. "Why, you'll soon have me knocked out of sight as a star operator!"

Old John put on his hat and went home. He did not even return the boy's cheerful good-night. Nevertheless, the latter carried the manuscript over to his own desk, with the remark:

"Well, it's got to go out to-morrow, so I guess it's up to me to copy it. It won't take fifteen minutes."

But one page had taken Old John three hours and a half, steady work.

The days came and went. Each morning the typewriter greeted him, with its keyboard ready to click beneath his clumsy and reluctant fingers. Each night he went home, with his shoulders drooping a little more and the pile of manuscript but slightly reduced. In time, of course, he grew familiar with the machine and its operation, and, being painstaking by nature, he did his best. The pages he copied were letter perfect, but their number was astonishingly few. Old John could not acquire speed. He used only the first finger on each hand, and it was stiff and apt to tremble sometimes.

And the work must be done. The Government was paying out good money and expected proportionate return. Old John's returns were not in proportion to the amount expended. This fact was self-evident, and admitted of no argument.

So the 30th of June came again, and again the Jemisons sat on the front steps and read the paper.

"Changes," said Mrs. Jemison. "Changes in the Department."

Her voice was apprehensive.

"Maybe," she suggested, with the optimism of ignorance, "they'll give you back your books."

"Maybe they won't," returned Old John, with the pessimism of experience.

"Anyhow," she sought to comfort him, "the money is the same. And that's the great thing."

The changes came early in the day this fiscal year. They were waiting to greet him when he arrived at five minutes to nine. The long envelope upon his desk contained the story, so he opened and read it.

He was reduced, it said, from the rating of Copyist at seventy-five dollars per month, and appointed Special Laborer at fifty dollars per month, *vice* James Anderson, promoted.

James Anderson, Special Laborer, was nineteen years of age and ran an elevator. At least, he had done so heretofore. Now he was

a copyist and would run a typewriter instead. But he would instruct his successor in his new duties.

Old John stepped into the elevator and clutched the lever. There was nothing else for him to do, and he listened patiently to instructions.

"The trick is simple enough," said the boy, impatient to be off into regions where electric lights did not always burn and a breath of fresh air sometimes penetrated.

And it *was* simple. Old John soon mastered it. He could say "Going up" or "Going down" at proper places; he knew two bells meant a Chief of Division, and three the Secretary himself, and must have instant response; and he could open and shut the iron framework of the doors on various landings as well as James Anderson himself.

Summer merged into winter, and winter in turn gave way to spring. Crocus bloomed in the parks, the trees arrayed themselves in new green raiment, and every day the sun shone with greater fervor.

Old John, trudging back and forth to the Treasury, noted the changing of the seasons. The year had not been just like previous years to him in some slight particulars. For instance, he must reach the Department earlier and stay later than he had heretofore done, for the elevator must run to accommodate the early birds as well as those who stayed late at their work. Moreover, he now walked where he had previously ridden. The squares he traversed were numerous and long. Sometimes at night they seemed interminable, but walk he must, for carfare amounted to about three dollars a month. Since he had been Special Laborer such details were of importance. Also, he no longer smoked a cigar every evening, but this, as he said, was a matter of no consequence. He still, however, took a daily paper, but he felt guilty when he read it, for he knew he ought to be putting away money against a prospective rainy day.

The 30th of June was very hot. Old John, clutching the lever of the elevator, felt glad he had something to hold on to, for he swayed a bit now and then, especially on his downward runs. No fresh air reached the shaft in which he spent his days, and but little of God's own light. These deficiencies were supplied by man with the aid of electricity. A fan revolved in the roof of the elevator, and a cluster of lights glowed over the stool on which Old John sat waiting for the bell to summon him up or down, as the case might be. To-day the whirling blades of the fan made him dizzy, and the lights blinded him.

At noon he opened his paper parcel and surveyed his lunch. It contained three small sandwiches. The slice of cake, along with the evening cigar, had a year ago been relegated to the past. The

butter had soaked into the bread and become rancid with the heat. Old John sniffed at it with disfavor, and hesitated. The ring of the bell settled the question, and he deposited the untouched lunch in the waste-box in the corridor, where yesterday's had preceded it. Again the bell rang, demanding response.

"Going up," said Old John, in the monotone peculiar to elevator conductors. His voice sounded unreal and far away, and he felt a desire to try it again.

"Going down," he said, and went.

They found him huddled in a heap on the floor of the elevator, and carried him into the corridor.

"Get a doctor," suggested one.

"And a pillow," said another.

There were no available pillows in the basement of the Treasury, but from a nearby store-room some one produced a large book.

"Try this," he suggested. "It never was any use before."

The electric light from the elevator caught the gilt lettering on the back.

"Volume 51," read a messenger, as he lifted Old John's head and laid it gently on the book.

The doctor produce a stethoscope and listened.

"Syncope," he said, "produced by heat and exhaustion. Lack of nourishment—the old story. No use sending for the ambulance."

The elevator-bell rang three times, unheeded. Even the Secretary of the Treasury must wait when the Dark Angel approaches. Again the bell sounded an imperative command. This time Old John heard it, and raised his head from Volume 51.

"Going up," he said.

And went.



TO W. F. C.

BY ROSE CHAMBERS GOODE

I HAVE not seen your face for full three years;
 I hardly think of you when I am glad,
 But when my heart is heavy, and my tears
 Betray me at a word, and all is night,
 I lean upon the thought of you as on a staff,
 And just the knowledge that you are alive,
 That some one sees you pass and hears you laugh,
 Seems suddenly to set the whole world right.

THE CASE OF DAVID GIDDLY

By Ellis O. Jones

(A letter from Mr. Giddly to Mr. Reginald Gurley, Master of Gurley's School for Boys)

DEAR SIR:

Continuing our correspondence, I beg to say that, after carefully considering the matter, I have decided to accept your terms and start my boy, David, with you at the beginning of the coming term.

It is not necessary for me to repeat at great length the points I have already taken up with you. I have chosen your school because it has an air of refinement. I am unwilling to spare any expense in giving my boy the best there is, not only in material comforts, but in associations as well. Your list of prominent patrons convinces me that your school has no peer.

As to the boy, I have been perfectly frank with you, as one should be with a preceptor. He is inclined to be wild and, I must say, his mother and I have found him quite ungovernable. I also explained the reason so that you may know the worst. I am a strong believer in heredity. The boy certainly does not take after me. Mrs. Giddly's two brothers, however, are, I regret to say, very dissipated, and I understand her father was positively dissolute. But, of course, the least said about these matters the better. I shall rely on you to keep whatever I have written in strict confidence.

I shall not see you when school opens. I leave about that time for a long hunting trip in the North Woods. But if we ticket the lad through, and telegraph you the time of his arrival, I dare say there will be no difficulty about his getting there.

In conclusion, I earnestly desire that you make a man of him. If there are any little extra expenses, do not hesitate. I do not want to stint him. I want him not only to be fit to take his place in the society to which his financial position would naturally entitle him, but also to be a worthy descendant of the Giddly name, which traces its ancestry back to the *Mayflower* and beyond.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM GIDDLY.

The Case of David Giddly

(From Mr. Gurley to Mr. Giddly)

DEAR SIR:

Acknowledging yours of recent date, I am glad you have decided to send David to us. Thirty years' experience has made us confident that we can give him a culture which he could not possibly acquire elsewhere. We pay special attention to the social side, such as the arts of conversation, dancing, and other necessary accomplishments of the social leader. I shall await your telegram stating the train on which David will arrive.

Yours respectfully,

REGINALD GURLEY.

(From David to his chum, "Chick" Smith)

DEAR CHICK:

Gee, this is a bum place. I don't know what the old gent has got against me to pick this layout. All the kids here are ninnies. One kid is pretty good, but he has n't got much nerve. I don't mind being away from home, any more than the old gent and the old lady wants to get me away. What do mothers know about kids? Your mother's all right, though. Mebbe because she's got more of them.

The main squeeze here has got the right name, except that it's too young. They ought to call him "Old Hen" instead of Gurley. He's too — nice. That's the trouble with him. He puts me in mind of that preacher we used to snowball. Remember that soaker I gave him? You know. He's one of those fellows who thinks it's a sin to swear. We have to put our glad rags on every night for dinner as if we were going to a party. Say, write me a long letter telling me all about the gang. Who's playing full-back now since Fatty Green's moved away? Was n't Fatty a peach, though? Some of the kids did n't like him because he was colored, but what difference does that make? Say, the first time you see that smart Aleck, Red Tinker, soak him one and tell him it's for me. I tried to get him before I left, but he saw me first. What do you think he told Candy Johnson? He told him that I was a sissy. I'll sissy him when I get him.

I bet I'm not good for long here. I know I'm not if I can work it to hike. They don't like me a little bit. Why don't you write?

Yours till death,

DAVE.

(From Mr. Gurley to Mrs. Giddly)

DEAR MADAM:

It is with much regret and no little hesitation that I address you concerning your son, David. Of course I should not annoy you with the matter at all, but Mr. Giddly wrote me that he would be in the

North Woods until about the first of November, and matters are too urgent to be so long postponed.

Will you pardon me for saying that your boy is the most demoralizing influence that has ever been in my school? I hardly know how fitly to characterize him. He is a regular little anarchist. Nothing pleases him. He seems to delight in being uncouth and impolite.

In my thirty years' experience with boys, I have met all kinds, to be sure, but David's ideas of nonconformity to every suggestion that is made is positively new to me. You must understand, of course, that the first requisite in a school of this sort is discipline. Therefore, when a pupil, with apparent deliberation, starts in to infract every rule that he can find and many that we thought unnecessary to mention, the effect is distressing indeed.

I trust, my dear Mrs. Giddly, that I have not injured your feelings by being too frank, but in my thirty years' experience I have found that candor was best in the long run.

In conclusion, I may say the only way out of the matter that occurs to me is for you to find another school for David. You understand, of course, that, under the circumstances, I should expect to rebate the unearned tuition.

Trusting to hear from you at an early date, and again regretting the facts which seem to make this letter necessary, I am

Yours very respectfully,

REGINALD GURLEY.

(From Mrs. Giddly to Mr. Gurley)

DEAR SIR:

You must be having an awful time with David, and you don't know how I sympathize with you. He has always been an ungovernable child. The nurses never could do a thing with him, although I always hired the very best nurses I could get.

I am sure I don't know why he acts so. You would think that a boy who had everything in the world ought to be satisfied. You have been frank with me, and I suppose I should be just as frank with you. Mr. Giddly was rather wild in his younger days, and I fancy David must take after him. There was never anything like that in my family.

David used to bring home the roughest creatures you could imagine. One of his favorite playmates was a little colored boy who lived in one of the near-by alleys. That's one reason why we had to send him away. You know I entertain a great deal, and I simply could not have him bringing such fellows around where people could see them.

But, my dear Mr. Gurley, could n't you manage to get along until Mr. Giddly returns? You know I never pay any attention to business matters, and, besides, I am leaving for Palm Beach in a few days.

Mr. Giddly knows all about the schools, and I suppose he can find one that will take David. I hope we will not have to put him in an institution or anything like that. That would be such a disgrace. There is nothing like that in my family. One of my ancestors was in the Revolutionary War.

I do not want you to feel bad, Mr. Gurley. I know you did your best, but, of course, you have boys from very many of the best families, and they should not be subjected to demoralizing influences. I do hope that you are wrong about David's being an Anarchist. I have heard that Anarchists are perfectly awful.

I will leave your letter with Mr. Giddly's secretary, so that he will get it just as soon as he returns. Do not bother about returning the tuition. I think you ought to keep it for your trouble.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) MAUDE STUYVESANT GIDDLY.

(From Mr. Gurley to Mrs. Giddly)

DEAR MADAM:

Acknowledging receipt of yours of recent date, please accept my thanks for your courteous appreciation of the spirit of my letter in regard to David. You apparently realize that I did it for the boy's own good.

I shall try to get along until Mr. Giddly returns, in order not to interfere with your plans, although I must say it is a severe trial. Only this morning David wantonly struck one of my most refined pupils. Without the slightest provocation, he just walked up to him and said he did n't like his looks. The fact is, the boy is the best-looking boy in the school. Although the other boy was much larger, he was too gentlemanly to strike back.

You can readily understand that such conduct is insufferable.

Yours respectfully,

REGINALD GURLEY.

(From "Fatty" Green to David)

DEAR CHUCK:

I saw Chick Smith last night and he told me where you was. I wanted to come to see you before you went, but I was afraid your old lady would be there and give me the can the way she did before. I'm working down at the glass works now. Mebbe I can git off Thanksgiving for the big game with the Crosstown Scrubs. Gee! If you was only here to play quarter, we'd lay it all over them. Excuse blot and bad pen.

Yours,

FATTY.

P. S. You are the best friend I ever had.

(From Mr. Giddly to Mr. Gurley)

DEAR SIR:

Upon my return from the North Woods to-day, I find yours addressed to Mrs. Giddly.

Needless to say, I am very much distressed about it. If the condition of affairs is no better than when that letter was written, let me know by return mail. I will come at once and see if I can arrange to put the boy elsewhere.

Do you know of a place where I could get him in?

Yours in haste,

WILLIAM GIDDLY.

(From Mr. Gurley to Mr. Giddly)

DEAR SIR:

I was much relieved to get your letter this morning. The condition of affairs is no better than when I wrote Mrs. Giddly. If possible, it is worse. I should be glad to have you come as soon as convenient.

Lest I be considered wholly a bearer of bad news, I may say that I have been looking around recently for a good place for David and I think I have found just the thing. It is a small school up in Connecticut, and conducted by the son of an old classmate of mine. His name is Earnest Roughem. It is not exactly a school for incorrigibles, but Mr. Roughem rather delights in letting it be understood that incorrigibles are his specialty.

Of course you must understand at the outset, Mr. Giddly, that Mr. Roughem's school has n't the name or the standing which really counts for so much in selecting a school.

Hoping to see you soon, I am

Yours respectfully,

REGINALD GURLEY.

(From Mr. Gurley to Earnest Roughem)

MY DEAR EARNEST:

Mr. Giddly will arrive with his son, David, probably before you get this letter. If you succeed in doing anything with him, I congratulate you, and I shall take pains to know all about how you did it. If you do not succeed with him, I shall expect you not to blame me, as I have warned you fully.

In my thirty years' experience I have found that heredity counts for everything, or at least ninety per cent. I have pretty good evidence that David's ancestors were very dissipated.

Yours sincerely,

REGINALD GURLEY.

(From David to "Chick" Smith)

DEAR CHICK:

Say, bo, this is a peach of a place. The old gent brought me down here two weeks ago from that old sissy joint where I was at first. The kids here are more like the old gang. And the main squeeze is not like a professor at all. He surely is the candy. He used to play on the Yale eleven, and he comes out and coaches us himself every day. He put me on to a dandy lot of new tricks. I'll show them to you when I get home, and the next time the old gang plays the Crosstown Scrubs, you can smear it all over them. He put me in at quarter, and he says, if I work hard, I'll make one of the big teams sure. Will I work hard? Ask me.

Give my love to Fatty.

Yours in haste,

DAVE.

P. S. I would write more, but I got to get my lesson so as I can get out early with the squad.

(From Earnest Roughem to Mr. Gurley)

MY DEAR MR. GURLEY:

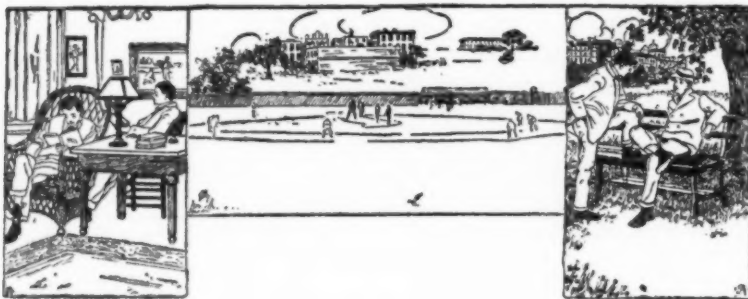
Pardon me for not sooner acknowledging your letter. David arrived O. K. and seems perfectly contented. He is one of the manliest little fellows in the school. I never saw a chap who would respond more quickly to sympathy and encouragement.

I do not wholly agree with you about heredity. I think altogether too much stress is laid on it. It has been my experience that it does n't matter so much what your early ancestors were as what your immediate ancestors are and do.

Thanks for David. He is a real boy, a hard thing to find these days.

Yours sincerely,

EARNEST ROUGHEM.



THE HOLD-UP

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

I.

THEY were loving hands that straightened and smoothed out the now shiny broadcloth suit and laid it gently upon the puffy and immaculate feather-bed. True, they moved with a slight degree of hesitation, and perhaps now and then they trembled just a bit from excitement—or was it from an indefinable foreboding? Any way, they were dear hands that with a gentle simplicity and touch of love had for nearly fifty years now done the homely tasks that had made each wrinkle and callous dear to her master. For Lemuel Barrows was master in his home. He had been so from the very first, by common consent, just as his father had been master before him, and his father's father.

A firm step caused the little gray woman to turn about.

"Be they in fair shape, Sarah? Law me, I have n't had 'em on, except of Sabbaths, fer nigh on three er four year." He paused and mentally made a few calculations. "Well, any way, not since—not since Brother John's boy's funeral." He came over to the bed and gave a critical glance of inspection. "Such clothes, I cal'late, are mainly fer funerals."

He did not notice the quick, choky cough that came from the lips of his wife; nor the uncommon nervousness of her hands as she unfolded the garments for his closer inspection. If he had looked intently, he might have noted a really frightened stare in the slowly dimming eyes. But he did not; Lemuel Barrows was not an overly sympathetic man.

"I guess I disremembered 'bout that big turn-out when old Ez Wirt passed away. I had 'em on then, did n't I, Mother? That was only two years back." He thought again very steadily for a moment. "Sure and sartin. I was a honorable pall-bearer, and so was Deacon Harkness and—plague-gone it! I can't remember like I did."

Why did Lemuel persist in discussing funerals? It was hard enough, thought the gentle woman whose fingers flew here and there, to think of him on a perilous railway coach speeding at heartless rapidity into a great and strange city. To associate the broadcloth suit with

a score of funerals seemed actually unbearable. Yet she had never questioned the speech or action of her husband, and she did not now.

"Yes, Sarah, them clothes is primairily fer funerals. Do you recollect I bought 'em the day after Grandfather died? That was about forty er thirty-five—say, jest how old be you, Mother?"

The gloom on the face of his wife gave way to a slight twinkle of the narrowed eyes and a touch of color on her sallow cheeks.

"Lan' sakes, Lemuel Barrows, that's a fine question fer you to be a-askin', now, ain't it?" She laughed softly, very softly; almost the dread of his journey had slipped away. "I ain't so old, Lemuel, but what I can remember when a awkward boy of eighteen summers told me he was set on marryin' me, and right away at that." Again the soft little laugh. "You're sixty-eight, Lemuel Barrows, and your wife's three years and eight days behind you."

The elderly man's memory shot backward with a leap. He recalled it all with a vividness that astounded him. Almost involuntarily, he felt for her hand.

"Bless yer heart, Mother! I—I guess I sometimes get——"

"No sech thing, Lemuel; no sech thing a' tall. Fact is, ye're uncommon thoughtful." Sarah Barrows knew the necessity of a cheerful start. "Now, be spy about gittin' into them garments, an' I'll jes' buzz 'roun' and have that lunch fer y' in a jiffy." She studied a moment, her head resting in her fingers. "The buttons and studs is all in; an' yer black cravat is on the bed, an' so's yer socks." She caught herself in a sudden return of the old dread. "Lemuel, shall I put in yer gold watch? Perhaps, now, it might——"

"Yes, Sarah; you'd better remember my watch before I start. 'T ain't often as how I git to meet-up with a railway superintendent, an' I better look pretty dapper, eh, Mother?"

And his wife, busying herself with his lunch, heard him laugh many times at his own bit of pleasantry as he dressed. But the merriement did not lighten her spirits, and when he stooped to kiss her good-by, her heart throbbed with a dull sickness she had never before known.

"You will—Lemuel, I won't have to worry, will I?" The question brought forth a weird turn.

"Sarah, I ain't goin' to no city to be robbed er strung. I hain't be'n outside o' this place fer nigh to twenty year, but I ain't agoin' to be made no monkey of—that's sure an' sartin. *I'm prepared!*" His voice slipped into the mysterious, and his wife's frightened eyes met his. "No need t' worry, Mother. Ef anything *should* happen, why—well, I'm prepared fer it."

He picked up the worn telescope, and Sarah, as was her custom, asked no questions.

II.

It was perhaps four hours later that an aristocratic and aging gentleman of the old school walked from the marble entrance of the far-known Wakely Building, in the heart of the Windy City. He was attired in glossy broadcloth of antiquated cut, and in his hand he carried the same hickory cane that his great-grandfather had carried. Family tradition proclaimed that it had been owned and handled by no less a person than William Henry Harrison.

Upon the old man's face was a look of distinct satisfaction. For, indeed, the great leather wallet that rested in an inside pocket held a large and proper compensation for the right of way through the Barrows estate. A moment later the smile had fled, and his hand anxiously sought by prompt pressure to know its certain whereabouts. But it was in its rightful place, and the quaint old man made his way toward the large depot only a few blocks down Dearborn. By six, he reasoned, he would again be in the old home, Sarah would be smiling proudly upon him, and he would be telling her that the Barrowses never lost business ability because of on-coming age. Why, he must take her some little remembrance! He stopped and purchased some highly-colored candy of a street faker, and, slipping it into his telescope, walked on smiling.

He had come away from the busy part of the city, and he noted no one near, yet in a few moments some one touched his arm. Instantly his mind was alive. Looking over his left shoulder, he saw a man much smaller than himself walking with down-cast eyes and with both hands rammed into his coat-pockets. Like a flash Lemuel's hand went to his wallet, but it lay unmolested. Another moment and he thought of his watch—the gold one which Grandfather Barrows had handed down, and which was now his own. He gasped involuntarily. It was not in his pocket! The man by his side increased his pace, and astute Lemuel did likewise. Meanwhile his hand sought every pocket; but the watch was gone. Gone! A Barrows robbed in the city!

"Hands up!" His own voice sounded shrill and unnatural, and a chill ran through him as he pointed the old family pistol in the face of the man by his side.

Up went the hands, and scared eyes gazed anxiously into his own.

"Now, sir, hand me over that watch! Quick!"

Without hesitation, the man weakly produced a gold watch and with trembling hand placed it in the outstretched hand of the other.

"I want to——"

"Hush!" Lemuel Barrows' anger was giving him the needed command. "I don't want a word from you." He slipped the watch into his pocket and faced the smaller man. "I'm satisfied to get it

back without no more trouble. No Barrows ever comes to a city expectin' fer to be held-up. You git!"

The man slunk away without further words, and Lemuel, after again stowing away the valuable weapon, made his way to his train. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his wrinkled temples, and, arriving at the depot, he mopped his face with the nervous tremor of one who has seen a vision.

III.

THE great hall-clock had just ceased chiming when the little gray lady, who had spent the day in dark foreboding, saw the stout frame of her master coming rapidly down the brick walk leading to the door. Apparently, something unusual had happened, as her instinct told her at once. His face seemed flushed, and his hat had been crushed upon the head that was wont to wear it with a distinct dignity.

Oh, how good it was to see him! She took the telescope from him with the joyfulness of a child; but almost brusquely he seized it again.

"You, Lemuel—you have—has something happened?"

The head of the house did not deem a reply necessary until he had deposited his bundling telescope and hat and coat near the hat-rack. This over, he faced his wife with the air of a hero.

"Yes, Sarah, something *did* happen; but I was prepared. A Barrows always is prepared." He struggled out of a wilted collar and threw off his broadcloth coat. "They don't sneak no watches from Uncle Lem—not as long as he has his Old Trusty in his hip-pocket! No, Mother; that kind o' gag don't go with me, even ef I don't cal'late to be in the city more 'n once in a decade." He drew himself up to huge proportions and, to his wife's consternation, pulled a revolver from his pocket.

"Oh, Lemuel—oh, you did n't—you——"

"I did n't do harm to nobody, Mother. I simply demanded back my watch, and I got it."

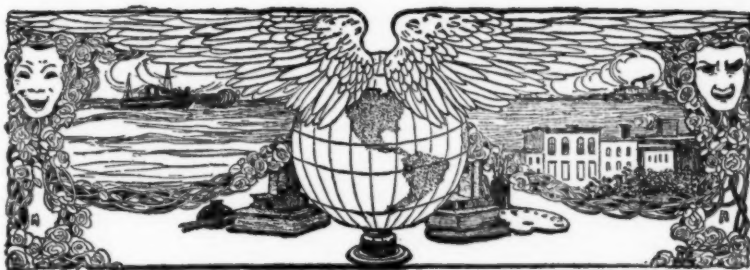
Perhaps he would have prolonged the account, had he not seen the wild look of terror that sprang into the woman's face. He halted, amazed.

"Mother, what's matterin'? I never shot nobody. I only——"

Sarah Barrows' distress was evident, but she could only blurt out, "Lemuel, I forgot. I never put your watch in your vest, nowise. It's up in your dresser-drawer!"

The man before her changed manner with lightning speed, and his eyes grew round with sudden wonder and fear. His jaw dropped, and his hand trembled on his stout cane.

"Lemuel!"—her voice almost broke with its emotion—"Lemuel, you have stolen another man's watch!"



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

D

RICH AND POOR DEPENDENTS

"IN the sweat of his face to eat bread" was laid upon man from the beginning as a necessity, and to regard it as a curse or a blessing neither lessens nor increases the necessity. The chief problem of to-day—one which so far has hardly been guessed at—is the problem of securing the opportunity for such earning work. The great increase in the number of disemployed workers forces this problem on our attention.

The only solution offered by the average successful man is, more charity, an increase in the number and variety of institutions for those who cannot earn their own living, or that more insidious form of charity, "work created for the purpose of providing employment for the unemployed."

Only one form of charity has ever succeeded in making its recipients prosperous, namely, "special privileges," and these are never given to the poor, but to rich and powerful individuals or corporations, by tariff legislation by public franchises, or by such legal fictions that one man should possess land to the exclusion of all other men, even though he hold it idle.

The application of labor to land is the only means of satisfying the actual needs of all men, so that special privileges can be bestowed only upon a few by robbing the many. This sort of charity fosters industry at the expense of humanity.

That many men must depend upon the whim or bounty of one to

supply employment, is a proof that we have not attained true civilization. We protest against a king's holding the issues of life and death in his hands, but by special privileges we enable a few to do just that thing.

Exact justice is the only road to ideal conditions. He who asks special privileges should pay to the community their full value. No great upheaval in modern life will be necessary to bring about this change. It is the natural course, and already partially applied in some places. No one will lose by it even one penny which is rightfully his, and no one will take from another what he has not given an equivalent for.

All wealth, including capital, comes from land through labor, therefore labor should be free to apply itself to land without other payment than that which it honestly owes to the community which creates the value of the land. A tax on land values would make it impossible, because unprofitable, to keep needed lands and willing hands idle, and would, therefore, solve the problem of want and unemployment.

BOLTON HALL

AN OLD FRIEND

HALLEY'S comet is coming. It has already been picked up by astronomers, and will gradually loom larger until, next June, it will be prominent in the high heavens. It was last seen in May, 1836. Since then it has been on a long journey, having shot out into remote space on its orbit. In the year 1872 it was farthest away from us; then it began its homeward journey. Early in 1911 it will once more disappear, to be gone for another seventy-six years.

Halley predicted its last appearance before his death. In 1758 he said: "Wherefore if it should return, according to my prediction, in the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that it was discovered by an Englishman."

According to his prediction, it appeared on Christmas day, 1758, making the astronomer famous long after his death.

This is as much as if a man should write a masterpiece, and, putting it in an envelope, should say: "Open this on a certain day in the future." And when the envelope is at last open, lo, one who has long since passed away is immortal!

Will Halley's comet be pleased at what we have done since it left us? Will it feel that it was right in going away and leaving us alone, to work out our destiny? Have we merited its confidence?

Since it went away, most of us have been born. By the time it returns again, most of us will not be here. Was it right for us to

take advantage of the comet's absence, and to permit ourselves to be born behind its back, so to speak?

Some day, if we persist in doing this sort of thing, if we continue to quarrel among ourselves, if we insist on making believe that we are of some importance in the universe, that comet may get mad and swish a few million miles of its tail over us; and then where will all of our protected industries be?

THOMAS L. MASSON

CHEW YOUR UNIVERSE

THE man scrambles out of bed, leaps into his clothes, flops down at the breakfast table, gulps thrice, races down the street, swings onto a car, elbows into the elevator, flings open the office door—and sits down and reads the morning paper for an hour. Morning after morning does he until his friends lament over a premature grave. He has rushed through a long life into a long eternity. He has n't stopped to masticate life.

There is lots of nourishment in life, if eaten properly. Stevenson, who had solved the x and y of the equation we call life, put it in words that shout: "Some people swallow the universe like a pill."

We gobble through life, these days. Life is really a very pleasant feast, with the music of the sphere as an orchestra, but we gulp it down as if it were a dairy lunch on the nearest corner.

Many times have we been told that life is what we make it. And many make it a pill!

"Keeping up with business" is laudable; but we should n't have to put one hand on the hearse to keep up with the procession. We are merely tearing off the leaves of life without looking to see how far the calendar is numbered.

Hurry is a brother to Worry, and we all know what Worry killed. And its victim had nine lives! Beware of the Hurry and Worry Brothers.

Many people can "see" a World's Fair in a day. Others stay all summer and leave regretting that they can't make another tour. They have been masticating.

European waiters firmly believe that stomach trouble is as catching in the States as measles. The second day that a London waiter serves an American he greets him with, "And how is your stomach to-day, sir?"

You can rush and hurry all you want to, but you can't get away from a mistreated stomach. It will follow you up day and night with an accusing finger!

Dispatch in business is all well and good. But we become so con-

taminated with it that it affects us at the family hearth, or at the seashore. Business should be left behind locked doors. Life outside the door marked "Private" should be digested. The will-o'-the-wisp just ahead is alluring; but if we bolt our life for it, we find by that stern old schoolma'am, Experience, that it gets farther and farther ahead, until at last we stumble into the final bog.

Let us be Epicureans at life's table—but let us fletcherize.

HOMER CROY

ARE ALL THE GREAT AUTHORS DEAD?

"THE great poets are all dead. The great prose-writers are no more. Oh, for a Tennyson or a De Maupassant! Poe would get two dollars a word for *his* stories if he were living to-day."

How frequently we hear these pessimistic longings for the "old masters"! No sooner does a discussion of books and writers come up than somebody begins to disparage modern authors. Such criticism surely is not based on a common-sense review of the progress of literature.

To-day there are men with thoughts just as noble as those of Tennyson, and with adequate powers of expression. The reason they are not writing "great" poetry is because the public does not care for it. Most intellectual men would no more think of sitting down and reading a new story in verse than they would of trying to write epics, themselves. The same applies to women. Not long since a publishing house issued a volume of poems that contained some veritable gems, and advertised it extensively, yet only a few hundred copies were sold. Doubtless many other such incidents can be told by publishers.

When we went to school we pored over the vulgarities of Chaucer, and were told what a wonderful man he was, and what he did for budding English literature. But the teacher did not tell us that when Chaucer lived hardly a score of men in England could write at all, and that any one who could pen a few thousand readable words stood a good chance of becoming famous. If there had been a tenth as many people writing in Chaucer's time as there are to-day, the ancient rhymester might never have been heard of by later generations. We studied one or two other fame-crowned bards whose verses were positively unpoetic, and learned that theirs was the kind of writing that "lives." If these men were living now, the only place their efforts would find a welcome would be the "people's columns" of the newspapers.

The reason few now stand out as "great" is that the literary output is vast and the general average high. Half a dozen of our magazines are presenting "character stories" just as appealing and as true to life as any Dickens ever wrote. This may sound absurd to the Dickens worshippers, but unbiased readers know it is true—they will say so if you ask them. In the last year I have seen a dozen stories that are as fine as any twelve I ever read by dead French authors. Not long since a ten-cent magazine contained a short story by a New York newspaper man, that would have been a credit to Poe or Daudet.

If we will just keep our eyes open and our minds clear of prejudice, we will see that fame is not the only criterion by which to judge the makers of literature.

LITTELL MCCLUNG

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH

WE are to have Grand Opera in English this season, for which many are giving thanks. This has been the one thing lacking. The average opera-goer "has" neither Italian, French, nor German. Straining ears are weary of trying to "make out" a few words whereby to understand what it is all about. The English language lacks nothing to make it eligible to harmony. In order to be tender or dramatic, it is only requisite to choose suitable words and fit them to the magical notes, to bring the house to its feet or hush it to the silence that is the more perfect tribute.

As a nation, we may lack old world "culture" in spots, but we are adults—at last. Is it not, therefore, crass folly to cater to senseless prejudice? We are quickening to our amazing possibilities in the crafts, sciences, and arts. Why should we not give American musical genius its opportunity—not to-morrow, but to-day.

Gifted musicians not of our blood will, of course, covenant together to pooch-pooch such a monstrous innovation as the substituting of American opera, or singers, for the old favorites, or foreign idols. The appeal for musical emancipation is made to the native-born American audience. In it alone lies the power to say this or that thing shall or shall not be in America.

No trait is so characteristic or charming as the consideration of the wealthy for those less fortunate. In this matter of a familiar language, the concerted influence of the "smart" world will be mighty. To those who have lived in Europe, travelled extensively, and acquired many tongues, it matters little in what language Grand Opera is given, so the voices and opera be satisfying. The majority of opera-goers have

not travelled, comparatively few are linguists. The opera season is their most glorious opportunity in a busy year to drink in vocal delight. One has only to watch the tense faces in the amphitheatre and family circle to note how often regret touches elbows with enjoyment. Why? Because they do not understand the words.

That the great foreign singers do not "know English," that its "consonants are impossible," are classic arguments for the defense. If such is the case, they should learn English at once. It may soon be worth their while. If not, there are in America superb voices of splendid range, young, fresh, and pure enough for the most sensitized ear. An ear that is too highly cultivated is nearing the borderland of abnormality. Music gladness is as wholesome as the breath of a flower, but music madness is not to be endured.

Why it should still be accounted necessary for the owner of a "Grand Opera voice" to go across the ocean to study in order to satisfy a hypercritical audience, is one of those problems that are never going to be solved. Time was when it was impossible here to learn exactly how *not* to use one's voice. Now, that is an important part of the vocal curriculum. There is no longer a "secret" in voice culture. If the European methods of the old school are preferred, there are in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities instructors who learned in Europe what they teach. In brief, any chosen method may be studied here. Alas, prejudice and musical prestige are twin sisters. Every Grand Opera singer has been a European or has come back, accredited, from Europe, to win American laurels, bond-servant to tradition. It is time that there was a national rally against such prejudice. It is asserted by authoritative critics that we have now in America singers of both sexes taught by Americans, whose magnificent voices would adequately interpret any existing Grand Opera role, or any that may be written by Americans. Nor do they lack temperament. No "born" musician ever was therein deficient.

An impresario has his peculiarities. He is never a fool, nor one to be fooled. He is not going to pay towering salaries in order to awaken weird echoes in empty opera-houses. There is but one practical answer to this problem: We must fill the boxes and seats to the doors whenever Grand Opera in English is given. Should it be an American Grand Opera sung by Americans, we must be as willing to pay the same prices as to hear the most lauded foreign artists. Should we not be more willing, we who are loyalists? Not the boxes, but the box-office, will decide whether or not the heart's desire of hundreds of thousands of Americans, to whom music is second only to their religion, shall come true.

MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM

WALNUTS AND WINE



VARIATIONS

"I have often thought," said the Genial Philosopher, after little Binks had made sundry wise observations about the burnt child dreading the fire, "that the easiest stunt man ever had was that old lay of writing proverbs. All a fellow had to do was to observe some extraordinarily commonplace incident in human experience and then write it out on a slate to be handed down to immortality. That old bromide you have just thrust upon us, for instance. Of course the burnt child dreads the fire. Nobody ever for an instant supposed that he did n't, and yet some old lobster who had the time to write the thing down in his note-book is now thought to be one of the sages of earth. It would have been the same if he had said:

"The ducked hen dreads the mill-pond.

"The skinned horse dreads the collar.

"The bilked butcher dreads the poet.

"The thrashed Corbett dreads the Jeffries.

"The washed tramp dreads the water.

"The larruped sinner dreads the bishop.

"The spanked infant dreads the hair-brush.

"Why, I could go on with variations on that tired old aphorism from now to the day after the last day, without having to stop a minute. Then take that idiotism about the long lane having no turning. The idea of a chap being set down as a fount of wisdom for saying that, even if it has n't much sense to it. Suppose you had written a lot of drivel like that, say these, for instance:

"It's a long leg knows no pulling.

"It's a long cook knows no bouncing.

"It's a long jackass knows no prodding.

"It's a long nose knows no punching.

"It's a long bill knows no dunning.

"It's a long tailor knows no debtors.

Walnuts and Wine

"Suppose, I say, you had written those bromidic statements of commonplace fact, do you suppose you would ever have got even so little as a soda-mint tablet to your memory in the Hall of Fame?"

"No," said Little Binks; "but why condemn the whole on the foolishness of the few? Take 'You never miss the water till the well runs dry,' for instance. Is n't that true?"

"'You never miss your balance till the cash runs dry,' 'You never miss your collars till the laundry goes broke,' 'You never miss your uncle till your collateral's all hocked,'" retorted the Genial Philosopher. "Besides, that is n't true. I never miss the water on any occasion—that is, not as a beverage—and well-water least of all, dry or wet. Fact is, Binks, there never was a proverb of that kind in this world, with the possible exception of one, that ever did me any good, and, knowing you as I do for a nice, mild-mannered, economical person, I doubt if even that helps me any."

"What is it?" demanded Binks.

"It's that famous aphorism that the Governor of North Carolina got off to the Governor of South Carolina," said the Genial Philosopher. "'It's a long time between——'"

"Oh, I know," said Little Binks, tapping the bell, with a graceful smile. "John," he added when the attendant came, "get us a large pitcher of ice-water and two glasses."

"Anything else, sir?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the Genial Philosopher; "bring two ponies of milk with it, John. I've got to have something to take the taste out of my mouth."

Horace Dodd Gastit

RHAPSODY

(WITH INTERRUPTIONS)

By Frederick Moron

Bring forth my noble airship, staunch and true!
As pants the captive eagle for the blue,
So does my spirit long to soar above
("You Bill! just give that off-hind-wheel a shove:
She's jamming there.")

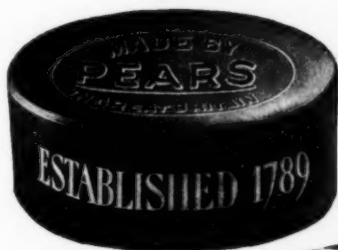
this muddy ball of earth,
And prove its native and aerial birth.
Hail to the Day!

("Look out! Don't wreck the shed.
That wing's got stuck.")

The youthful Dawn hath spread

Walnuts and Wine

A Beauty Bath for Every Home



There is nothing simpler to establish in a Home than a Beauty Bath. It is not a matter of luxurious fittings or costly appliances. Pure water and

Pears' Soap

nothing more is required. With these you can accomplish all that is possible in the way of beautifying the skin. Pears softens, purifies, and sanitises the skin, making it of a natural pink and white color.

More than all the cosmetics in the world, Pears is the special beautifier of the complexion.

Pears does the beautifying

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

A roseate blush upon the hill's fresh brow.
Mount, and away!

("Hold on! Go easy, now.
Don't press that for'ard lever!")

Pure and free,
The light breeze blows, and on the azure sea
Of circumambient air

("Don't bust that tire!")
I float, and to th' uncharted heights aspire;
A very god of this ethereal sphere,—
("Let go that guy-rope, Murphy. Hi! Stand clear.
You'll smash that rod.")

Child of the whirling suns!
Lord of the wind-swept sky!

("That derrick runs
Too fast by half.")

Not mine to quail, nor blench,
Though envious lightnings

("Where's that monkey-wrench?")
Blaze round my path, and Jove's loud thunders roll
To daunt my daring. ("Mind that telegraph pole!")
The storm-deriding albatross is not
So bold,—

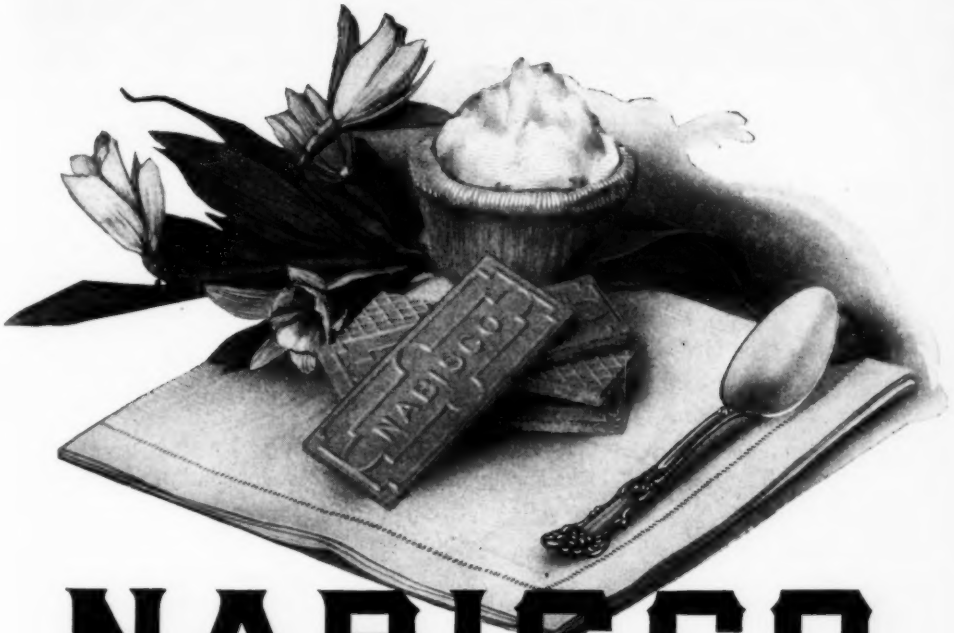
("There goes a blessed chimney-pot!")
Far, far beyond the lark's cloud-piercing song
I
("Darn that motor! Something's going wrong.")
Circle and swoop,

("The Dickens! what a knock!
That's the First Presbyterian weather-cock.")
Swift as a hawk;

("The balky packing-case!")
Or like the car of speeding Phœbus race.
Beneath, the vales and pigmy mountains seem
Phantasmagoreal as a passing dream;
The breadth of ocean but a blur of gray,—
("Great Zeppelin! Here comes a load of hay.
Turn out, you grinning jay-bird!")

Biff! Bang! Zip!
(So ends ye rhapsody, and eke ye shippe.)

Walnuts and Wine



NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

It is in the nice details of dessert service that artistic originality is discovered.

The dessert suggestion illustrated presents one of the myriad possibilities of Nabisco Sugar Wafers as auxiliaries to ices, creams or sherbets.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

TRY CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Another unique confection enclosing the enticing goodness of Nabisco within a shell of rich, mellow chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT

The parrot which belonged to the rich malefactor sat in its gilded cage, contemplating a price-mark which had not yet been removed. Presently the magnate approached, and the bird looked at him. He had been on the witness-stand that day in an important case, and was feeling rather elated over his successful testimony.

"Hello, Polly!" he greeted the bird, sticking his finger through the bars.

"Hello!" responded the parrot, ignoring the finger.

"Does Polly want a cracker?"

The bird cocked its head to one side inquiringly. The magnate laughed at its manner. Possibly the bird had not quite understood the question.

"Does Polly want a cracker?" he repeated.

The bird still looked at him with slanted vision, but made no reply.

"Oho!" he laughed. "You're not hungry. Have you had your dinner?"

"I don't remember," croaked the bird, and the magnate ordered the butler to remove it from the premises forthwith.

W. J. Lampton

DID N'T WANT ANY

"Please, ma'am," said the servant, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

"Why, Mary," answered the mistress, in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

William C. Bennett

GOOD AMERICANS

Chairman Koskiatowsky, of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, rapped that body to order. "We will now hear those who desire to speak on the new bill for the restriction of immigration," he announced.

Whereupon Messrs. Amazuma, Hip Lung, O'Laughlin, MacDougall, D'Eauvre, Schwartzentfest, Spagaroni, Kumar Ghosh, and Navarrez made eloquent talks in favor of putting up the immigration bars, so as to preserve the purity of the great American race. Mr. John Jones spoke in favor of opening the doors to all, but he was roundly hissed as being un-American.

The bill was favorably reported.

Stuart B. Stone

Walnuts and Wine

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

A delicious drink
pure and healthful



Registered in U.S. Patent Office

Made by a scientific
blending of the best cocoa
beans ground exceed-
ingly fine,—the only
legitimate way, says
a high authority, of
making it soluble
and fully digestible.

Genuine made only by
Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

HER SUPPLY

Stepping into a large bookshop in Stratford-on-Avon one morning, I inquired of the saleswoman, "Have you a copy of Pepy's Diary?"

Instantly came the reply:

"Our supply of diaries has not yet been received."

Henry Taylor Gray

JACK KNEW

On coming home from the office, the father met Jack and Dick.

"What have you been doing to-day, boys?" he questioned.

"Fightin'," replied Dick.

"Fighting, eh? Who licked?"

"Mamma did," answered Jack.

T. T. Trapnell

ETHYL'S COMPLAINT

Claire: "Ethyl is awfully angry with Jack. He threw a kiss at her."

Lotta: "Why did that make her angry?"

Claire: "Oh, she says there are some things that ought to be delivered in person."

W. Carey Wonderly

YOU GET THREE GUESSES

By E. J. Timmons

I saw a man once kiss a girl,

While on a joyous spree;

Now which of us was loaded—

The man, the girl, or me?

A LITERAL ANSWER

A stolid German who was coming over to America had the misfortune to fall overboard, but the alarm was given instantly, and, after a very exciting experience, he was rescued. That evening he appeared on deck, not much the worse for his mishap, and was surrounded by a number of passengers, who evinced a great interest in him.

"Oh, tell me," gushed a wide-eyed young woman, "how did you feel when you had fallen and the ship had gone on and you were left alone in the ocean?"

The German looked at her calmly. "Wet," he answered.

W. Stockard



Everyday Magic

Aladdin's lamp transported its owner from place to place in the twinkling of an eye.

That was thousands of years ago — and the lamp was only a myth. But so wonderful that the story has endured to this day.

The Bell telephone is *far more wonderful* — and it is a reality.

It is the dream of the ages, come true. In the office, in the home, it stands; as commonplace in appearance as Aladdin's lamp.

By it the human voice—the truest expression of personality, ability, and char-

acter — is carried from place to place instantly and accurately. And human powers are thus extended as if by magic.

All other means of communication are cold and colorless in comparison. By the telephone alone is the *human quality of the human voice* carried beyond the limitations of unaided hearing.

The Bell System has provided this wonderful faculty for all the people.

The whole country is brought together by the Bell policy of universal service; and the miracle of telephone talk is repeated six billion times a year.

The Bell Long Distance telephone puts a man in intimate touch with new resources, new possibilities. One Policy, One System, Universal Service—these make every Bell Telephone the Center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

POOR NELL

By Herman Da Costa

Little Ed Sailway looted a railway;
Nell Beggar stole three pounds of tea.
The law collared Nell; Ed was made D.C.L.
Oh, what a brave people are we!

DIPLOMACY

Down on the west side there's a 'longshore saloon where they set up a huge schooner for five cents. When six o'clock blows the place is thronged by the thirsty, fortifying themselves for the long walk home.

One night a huge Irishman in a red flannel shirt, open at his brawny chest and rolled up over swelling biceps, stood in the crowd and tapped his nickel on the bar. Just as the barkeeper set out the schooner the swing-door burst open and a little Irishman rushed in, flung his coat on the floor, threw his hat beside it, and, jumping on them, yelled in a high voice quivering with rage:

"Which one of yez beat up poor Pat Murphy?"

The big Irishman in the red shirt tapped his chest. "'T was me!" he bellowed hoarsely.

The little Irishman whirled round. "Gee!" he piped. "Ye did him up foine."

Brett Page

THE REASON

"I wonder why they ever introduced music at *table d'hôtes*."

"Why, to prevent us from hearing the foreigners eat!"

Clara O'Neill

THE IRONY OF NAMES

"I hear that Finney was run over."

"Yep, Department of Public Safety wagon."

Karl von Kraft

SHE MEANT WELL

The young son of a Western family was away from home for his first year in college. His mother had been to visit him, and upon her return met a friend, who asked if her boy was homesick.

"No," said the doting mother. "I was afraid he would be, so I saw that he was located in one of the best maternity houses of the college."

Martha Kimball

Walnuts and Wine



In Mahogany \$550

Chickering

Upright Style H

Of special importance as it offers for the moderate price of \$550 an Upright Piano with a tone of large volume and exquisite quality and a perfect action. The case design, too, is one that will appeal to lovers of the beautiful. It is made in figured Mahogany with polished or dull finish as may be desired.

Chickering Pianos may be bought of any regular Chickering representative at Boston prices with added cost of freight and delivery. Our literature will be sent upon request.

Chickering & Sons

781 Tremont St., cor. Northampton

Boston, Mass.

Established 1823

Nolley

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Walnuts and Wine

SADIE'S LAST RESORT

Sadie, aged three, who had been put to bed for an afternoon nap, felt more inclined for play than sleep; but her nurse, coaxed back twice on some pretext, had refused to return again. Resentfully she thought of baby brother in the next room. At the slightest sound from him, some one always hurried to the nursery. The next instant she slipped out of bed and opened the door of the adjoining room.

A minute later both mother and nurse, aroused by piercing wails, rushed upstairs to see what was the matter. The baby, his little face screwed into a knot, lay in his crib, exercising his lungs to their utmost capacity. Beside him stood his small sister.

"I thought you'd come," she declared, a wicked gleam of satisfaction in her eyes.

"Sadie," demanded her mother, "what have you been doing to Robert?"

"I pinched him!" was the surprising answer.

Helen B. Ames



A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

By Charles C. Jones

Suppose I met a sheeted shade
All ghastly grim.
Why should I be a bit afraid
Of spooks like him?

The worst that he could do to me
Would be to slay.
And if he did, should I not be
A spirit, pray?

Then could n't I pick out the spot
He guarded most,
And make it mighty all-fired hot
For Mister Ghost?



TO BE SURE

Mrs. Nagg: "Who was it that said, 'I thank God I am not as other men.'"

Mr. Nagg: "Some bachelor."

H. L. Herrmann

Walnuts and Wine



It now takes five factories to supply the demand for my razors and I am building more.

No matter what razor a man tries or how much he may experiment, he finally settles down to the Gillette—because it is practical—it does the work as no other shaving implement does or can.

The Gillette is the one razor that will shave smoothly in any direction. It is the only safety razor made that shaves on the hollow ground principle. You get this effect with the Gillette flexible blade. When you screw the handle up it draws the blade naturally into a hollow shape. It *shaves* the beard—does not scrape it off.

In thickness a hair ranges from one-thousandth of an inch to six one-thousandths. The Gillette is the only razor that can be adjusted to any beard—for a light or close shave. It is so made that it admits of an absolute micrometer adjustment—thirty one-thousandths of an inch for every complete turn of the handle.

The Gillette costs \$5 and it lasts a lifetime.

Standard Set, in velvet-lined, full leather case, \$5. Pocket Edition, in gold, silver or gun metal, \$5 to \$6.



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Walnuts and Wine

ON A SLEEPING CAR

Pullman porter: "Hope you are well, sar."

Passenger: "Well and happy, Sam. We had a birth at our house to-day. My wife presented me with twins."

Pullman porter: "Excuse me, sar, but dat was n't a single berth. We calls dat a section."

H. T. Porter

LOOKING BACKWARD

On the night following the Yale-Princeton game last fall, a young man who had slipped and fallen was assisted to his feet by a passer-by.

"Just a little shelebration of vict'ry," the young man explained, as he waved a bedraggled bit of orange and black ribbon.

"But Princeton lost," the other told him.

The young man looked painfully surprised for an instant.

"When did you learn that?" he asked.

"Why, it was on the bulletin-board an hour ago," the other said. "Yale won to-day's game."

"I wash referrin'," said the young man, with great dignity, "to th' game of 1903."

W. Stockard

THE EDITOR AND THE OFFICE DEVIL

Enraged over something the local newspaper had printed about him, a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible reporter.

"Who are you?" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.

"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

"And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his resentful gaze on the chocolate-colored office-devil clearing out the wastebasket.

"Me?" rejoined the darky, grinning from ear to ear. "Ah guess ah 's de cul'ud supplement."

Charles C. Mullin

POLAR

Dr. Philip Jones, of the Baptist Publication Board, was recently asked if the book-store had done a good holiday trade.

"Yes," said he; "they did—especially in Polar literature. Cook books and Pearyarticles were much in demand."

Karl von Kraft

Walnuts and Wine

SAPOLIO



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your housework go?
With greatest ease, sir, if you please,
I use Sapolio!

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Walnuts and Wine

A BRIDGE FIEND'S ULTIMATUM

The lady was preparing for her first trip abroad. She consulted her doctor as to the best course to pursue, to avoid seasickness. He advocated eating heartily. Another doctor, to whom she mentioned her doubts, advised her to refrain from eating. In despair at such conflicting advice, she consulted a third physician, and asked which was right.

"Both, my dear madam, both," he replied. "It just depends upon whether you prefer to discard from strength or weakness."

Etta Anthony Baker

NAUTICAL HUGH

By Clifton B. Dawd

A nautical person named Hugh,
When informed that his cap was askew,
Cried, "Avast there! Belay!
I wear it that way
Because it is picturesque!"

ONE MORE THING TO TRY

The discouraged mother sighed as she confessed wearily, "We have whipped our little Jim, coaxed him, shut him up, bribed him, made him go without his meals—in fact, we have done everything we could think of to break his will; but so far we have n't been successful."

"If you want his will broken," was the bitter suggestion of a friend who had lately been disappointed in not receiving an expected legacy, "you'd better take him to a lawyer."

G. T. Evans

MIXED ON HIS OLOGICALS

A small boy in Yonkers recently became the proud possessor of a donkey—not so handsome or so young as it might have been. However, it answered the purpose of its acquisition, which was to afford back rides.

One day the urchin was enjoying a ride when the minister of the parish met him.

"Hullo, sonny!" greeted the minister. "Quite a rare beast you have there."

"Yes," replied the boy; "but I suppose there are a great many of 'em in the theological gardens."

Jesse G. Clare

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

Toilet Powder

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.



Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother. It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's.

Sample box for 2c stamp.

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.

NEWARK - - - - N. J.



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Walnuts and Wine

A GREAT TALKER

By Mary F. K. Hutchinson

I once met Miss Geneva, when passing by her gate,
And asked if she 'd go strolling. She said, "That would be great!"
I spoke about the weather we 'd all enjoyed of late.
Geneva showed her dimples, and smiled: "It has been great!"

Ensued a silence deadly, which, hoping to abate,
I asked her, "How 's your mother?" She laughed: "Ma 's feeling
great!"

The minister, two novels, a play, my sister Kate—
No matter what I mentioned, Geneva thought 't was great.

It happened, some months later—I don't recall the date—
She married Cousin Herbert (no doubt she thought him great).
"She neither sings nor waltzes nor plays," I heard him state,
"But when it comes to talking, Geneva 's simply great!"

PUNCTUATION NEEDED

A short time ago a Southern paper in the rural districts
printed the following:

The only passengers aboard the wrecked steamer were T. B.
Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife.

Evidently much depends upon how things are stated.

Robert E. Bradley

NO WONDER SHE BLUSHED

A blushing young country girl went into a big city drug-store
to buy a bath sponge. She became so "fussed" when a good-
looking young clerk asked her what she wanted that, much to the
amusement of the other customers, she said, "Please give me a
sponge bath."

Grace MacDonald Thompson

MODEST

"They say there is a fool in every family. Do you think so?"
"Well, I hardly like to say. You see, I 'm the only member of
the family."

L. T. H.

Serial 6% Bonds Secured by a Thousand Farms

Our Reclamation bonds—both Drainage and Irrigation—are secured by first liens on rich farm lands—sometimes a thousand farms.

The most fertile, most valuable farm lands in America are lands reclaimed by irrigation or drainage.

Among them are our finest fruit lands worth from \$1000 to \$4000 per acre. And there are millions of irrigated acres, devoted to general farming, where the average crop is two or three times the average in other localities.

No reclamation project is financed by us save where the land has exceptional value. Bonds based on such land, with such high earning power, form in our estimation, the safest sort of security.

Doubly Secured

Irrigation bonds are usually doubly secured. First, we have a mortgage on all the property in which the proceeds of the bonds are invested. The investment in this property is sometimes twice the bond issue.

The bonds are additionally secured by first liens on the lands and the orchards watered. These liens are given by individual land owners in payment for water rights. They draw six per cent interest, and are paid off in annual installments. These payments are used to retire the bonds as they mature.

Often a thousand such separate liens are deposited with a trustee as security for the bonds as a whole. And the bonded indebtedness rarely exceeds one-fourth of the land's cash value. The first crop from the land is often sufficient to pay the whole lien.

Some irrigation bonds are "Carey Act bonds," where the State supervises the project. Some are municipal obligations, issued by organized districts. Such bonds, like school bonds, form a tax lien on the district.

Any rightly selected Reclamation bond affords an ideal security.

Any Amount—Any Maturity

Irrigation bonds are generally issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000, so one may invest either little or much.

They are serial bonds, part of which are paid annually, as the farmers pay off their liens. So one may select either long-time or short-time investments.

The interest rate is six per cent—a liberal rate for conservative farm lien securities.

Among those who investigate them, reclamation bonds are the most popular bonds that we handle. Many of our customers are now exchanging through us their low-income bonds for these more attractive securities.

16 Years' Experience

Our experience with Reclamation bonds covers sixteen years. During that time we have handled 78 separate issues, some of which have run into millions of dollars. All have been based on first liens on good farm land, and not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

Our organization now includes engineers and attorneys of national fame, and of the widest experience in connection with reclamation. An officer of our Company constantly resides in the irrigated country watching the projects we finance.

Our position in this field gives us the pick of the projects, so we confine ourselves to the most desirable issues. Our investigations are all made on the ground, and by the most competent men we know.

We have written a book on Irrigation Bonds, based on all this experience. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to write us to-day for this book.

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Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds.

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50 Congress St., Boston
111 Broadway, New York

Walnuts and Wine

THE USUAL STRENGTH

"Did n't they have anything to drink at the Brookline assemblies?"

"Oh, yes; lemonade."

"Nothing stronger than that?"

"Well, yes; ice-water."

H. E. Zimmerman

WANTED TO MAKE SURE ABOUT IT

Briggs: "I have just purchased a Chambers Encyclopedia, a Century Dictionary, and a British Museum Catalogue."

Griggs: "Do you really need them?"

"Not precisely; but I thought I should like to check off my information."

Thomas L. Masson

Most of those who find marriage a failure would n't have succeeded at anything else.

J. J. O'Connell

HIS OFFENSE

Mrs. Newly: "I shall never let that operator send another telegram for me. I just gave him a message for my husband, and the first thing the officious thing did was to read it."

H. L. Coggins

THE DOCTOR'S REASON

First Physician: "So you've lost Rogers as a patient. Did n't he respond to your treatment?"

Second Physician: "Yes, but not to my dunning letters."

J. Collins

THE MS. READER'S COMPLAINT

By C. B. D.

Our daily mail is sure to bring
"Pomes" from this lady bard—
So many that I think she must
Compose them by the yard!
I vow I'd like to drop her down
In one of Nature's chasms!
It wearies me to have to read
So many of her spasms!

The Stationery of a Gentleman

There is no good excuse for negligence in the selection of stationery. Using "any old thing" may be just as offensive to the one you write—particularly a lady—as soiled linen and "mussy" clothes are to you. Thoughtlessness, not ill-breeding, is the cause of this negligence in nine cases out of ten. Yet, will every one accept this view? Avoid all possibility of misunderstanding by using

Old Hampshire Bond Stationery

Let us send you a portfolio of samples, so that you may see and judge "The Stationery of a Gentleman." It is invariably the selection of the man who knows

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
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Walnuts and Wine

NOT AFRAID OF SLIPPING

Michael Dugan, a journeyman plumber, was sent by his employer to the Hightower mansion to repair a gas leak in the drawing-room. When the butler admitted him he said to Dugan:

"You are requested to be careful of the floors. They have just been polished."

"They's no danger iv me slippin' on thim," replied Dugan. "I hov spikes in me shoes."

Richard S. Graves

COULDN'T FOOL THE BOY

A Hebrew boy, eleven years of age, who was a fever patient in a Philadelphia hospital, had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge, and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms:

"Ticklish?"

Still whining, the youngster said: "No; Yiddish."

Gertrude S. Hunter

RANK IN KENTUCKY

"Yes, sir," said the Kentuckian, as they sat by the stove, "you can tell a man's rank in this State thusly: if you see a man with his feet on top of the stove, he's a general; if his feet is on that rail about half way up, he's a colonel; and if he keeps them on the floor, he's a major."

"Ah, yes," said his companion; "that's good as far as it goes; but how are you going to distinguish a captain or lieutenant?"

"Stranger, we don't go no lower than major in Kentucky."

Hugh Morist

A MISSOURI STORY

A live grasshopper will eat a dead grasshopper. A Missouri farmer mixed Paris green and bran together and let a grasshopper eat it. It died, and twenty ate it up, and they died. Eight thousand ate those four hundred, and they died. A hundred and sixty thousand ate those eight thousand, and died, and the farmer was troubled no more.

In its flight from the far West, the name of the statistician of this story has become separated from his figures, but the fact that the incident occurred in Missouri is regarded as evidence of its possibility.

Joc King

Walnuts and Wine

Standing for a Century

1810 — 1910

LIKE some stalwart giant of the forest, which for a century has withstood the violence of the elements, the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has completed its hundredth year of vigorous life. Since 1810 a host of insurance companies have disappeared in the smoke of a fiery century. During that period the **Hartford** paid over One Hundred and Thirty Million Dollars in losses, and yet, as years passed, grew greater and stronger. It stands to-day like the mighty tree, unblemished, sound to the core, and still growing with all the vigor of youth.

A century of success *must* be based on right service. When you buy fire insurance secure the best. It costs no more.

Ask for the Hartford

Any Agent or Broker Can Get You a
Hartford Policy



STATEMENT JANUARY 10th, 1910

Capital,	\$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	14,321,953.11
Assets,	23,035,700.61
Policy-holder's Surplus, . .	8,713,747.50

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Walnuts and Wine

EVEN AT LAST

By John A. Simpson

He would n't pay his board bill,
No matter how she harried him;
And so, to even up the score,
His boarding mistress married him.

MANIFESTED THE MAKINGS

Alderman Smith's baby was being christened, and everybody present was complimenting the happy parents.

"I believe," said the proud mother, "that he is going to be a great politician some day."

"Why?" asked the ruddy-faced father.

"Well, because he crawls out of everything so easily," said the wife, smiling up into her husband's face.

R. M. Winans

ASKED TO CHOOSE

A well-known Southern judge tells a story about a white man who during reconstruction times was arraigned before a colored justice of the peace for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the States, but the colored justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We's got two kinds ob law in dis yer co't," he said: "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you hab?"

The prisoner thought a minute and then guessed that he would take the Arkansas law.

"Den I discharge you fo' stealin' de mule, an' hang you fo' killin' de man."

"Hold on a minute, Judge," said the prisoner. "Better make that Texas law."

"All right. Under de law of Texas, I fin' you fo' killin' de man, an' hang you fo' stealin' de mule."

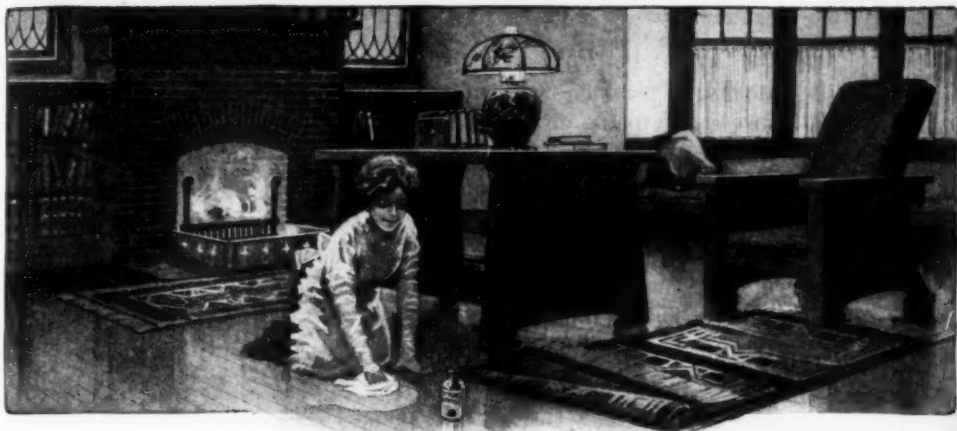
Edward McAuley

QUITE SUFFICIENT

"What evidence will be offered in support of his plea of insanity?"

"His love-letters."

L. B. Coley



Keep Your Floors Beautiful

WILL you test—entirely at our expense—Johnson's Kleen Floor, the *only* preparation for keeping floors, stairs, etc., in perfect condition? With Johnson's Kleen Floor, any woman can easily keep her floors bright and clean—like new. All you have to do is to dampen a cloth with the Kleen Floor and rub over the floor—it instantly removes all spots, stains, discolorations, without injury to the finish.

Johnson's Kleen Floor

rejuvenates the finish—bringing back its original beauty. It will greatly improve the appearance of all floors—whether finished with shellac, varnish, wax, or any other preparation.

One of the greatest advantages of Johnson's Kleen Floor is the fact that it is quickly used—two hours' time is sufficient to thoroughly clean and wax the floor and replace the rugs.

We want to send you, Free, a bottle of Johnson's Kleen Floor and a package of Prepared Wax, to be used after the Kleen Floor has been applied

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives the floors a soft, lustrous, artistic polish which does not show scratches and heel-marks, and to which dust and dirt will not adhere.

For keeping mission and polished furniture, pianos and woodwork in perfect condition, all that is necessary is to occasionally apply a coat of Johnson's Prepared Wax with a cloth and bring to a polish with a dry cloth.

Floors receive much harder wear than furniture and woodwork, and consequently require special treatment. Johnson's Kleen Floor should occasionally be used to put them in condition to receive the new finish.

Drop us a line to-day and we will promptly send you samples of both the Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, Free, also our beautiful illustrated booklet on Home Beautifying. We attach a coupon for your convenience.



S. C. Johnson & Son

Racine, Wisconsin

*"The Wood-Finishing
Authorities"*

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin
I accept your FREE offer of samples of Johnson's Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, also booklet edition on Home Beautifying. I agree to test the sample; and if I find them satisfactory, will ask my dealer to supply me.
Name
Address
L. G. 3

Walnuts and Wine

NO SLOUCH

The men in the Pullman smoker were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive and made fast travel possible. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass, which enabled men to navigate the seas. Another contended for Edison. Still another for the Wrights.

Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent:

"Whom do you think?"

"Vell," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the man who invented interest was no slouch."

Brett Page

ALARMED

By George W. Julian

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.

She awoke in dismay

When she heard the mate say,

"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."

WHAT PATRICK HENRY WANTED

Teacher: "Johnny, tell me who Patrick Henry was, and what did he do."

Johnny: "Patrick Henry was a young man, and he lived in Virginia. He had blue eyes and light hair. He did not have very much sense, he was married, and he said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

R. D. T.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

"Has the two-thirty train gone?"

"Yes, ma'am; five minutes ago."

"When 's the next train?"

"Four fifteen, ma'am."

"Thank goodness, I 'm in time!"

Isaline Normand

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE

Not at home.

L. T. H.

Walnuts and Wine



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

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THE FELLOW IN LOVE

Prue: "Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you?"

Dolly: "I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe."

J. J. O'Connell

THE IRISHMAN'S REMEDY

Joseph H. Choate, formerly our Ambassador at London, tells a story that he heard Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman quote in illustration of a point he was making in a political speech.

A man had complained to three friends, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scot, that his servant broke a great deal of china.

The matter-of-fact Englishman gave the short bit of practical advice, "Dismiss him."

"Take it out of his wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

Objection to the latter course was made on the ground that the wages were less than the amount of the damage; whereupon the Irishman came to the rescue with:

"Then raise his wages."

Charles Houston Goudiss

A BALD QUESTION

By Mercer Vernon

This shaving each morn is a terrible bore;
And whenever I'm at it, I wonder the more
Why, instead of the hair on one's head growing thin,
One should n't grow bald on his lip and his chin!

THE WAY THE WHISTLE WORKED

An old-time Mississippi River steamboat captain, who had been successful in raising fruit in the Northwest, could not get over his longing to hear a whistle blow. When his bank-account had reached a certain figure he had a miniature steamboat made, and placed it in a small river near his ranch.

"How is she built?" some one asked him.

"Well, she has a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle," the captain explained proudly.

"Does the whistle work?"

"Work? Of course it works. Every time she blows the engine stops."

Caroline Lockhart

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Include an Ocean Voyage in Your Winter Tour

Let us plan a circle tour from and back to your home city, by
rail and water, through the New York Gateway via the

Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines

Florida, the Carolinas, Georgia and San Domingo via **CLYDE LINE**
Texas, California and Pacific Coast points; Florida—West Coast, Mobile and
New Orleans via **MALLORY LINE**

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For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING
with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES
WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be
sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

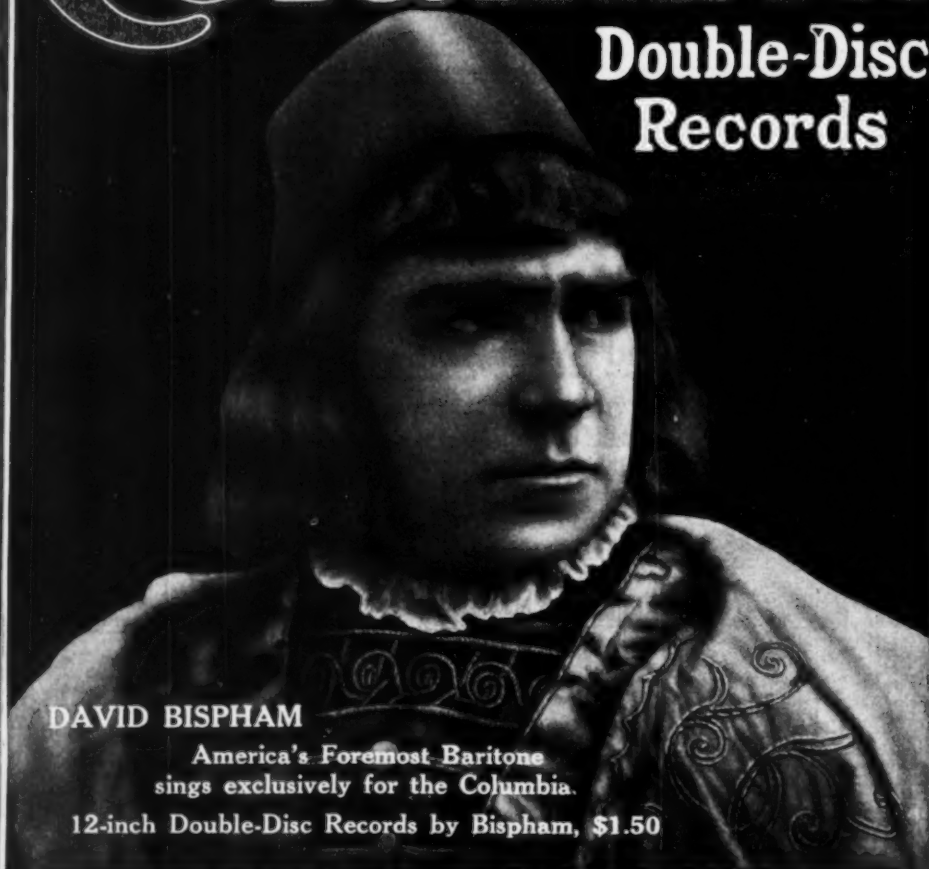
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DAVID BISPHAM

**America's Foremost Baritone
sings exclusively for the Columbia.**

12-inch Double-Disc Records by Bispham, \$1.50

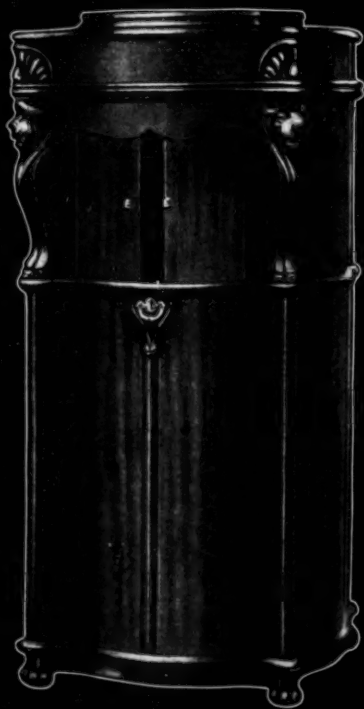
If you haven't heard a Columbia record made during the last few months, you cannot know what the modern graphophone can do. *Your* machine (Columbia or other make) will play Columbia Double-Disc Records—music on *both* sides—one selection on the front, another on the back. 65 cents will bring you a sample and the name of a near-by dealer. Catalog free.

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l, Dept. AW, Tribune Bldg., N. Y.

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Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World.

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents.

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SUE.—"You're crazy! Who ever heard tell of a robin so early? I hope you get enough of it."



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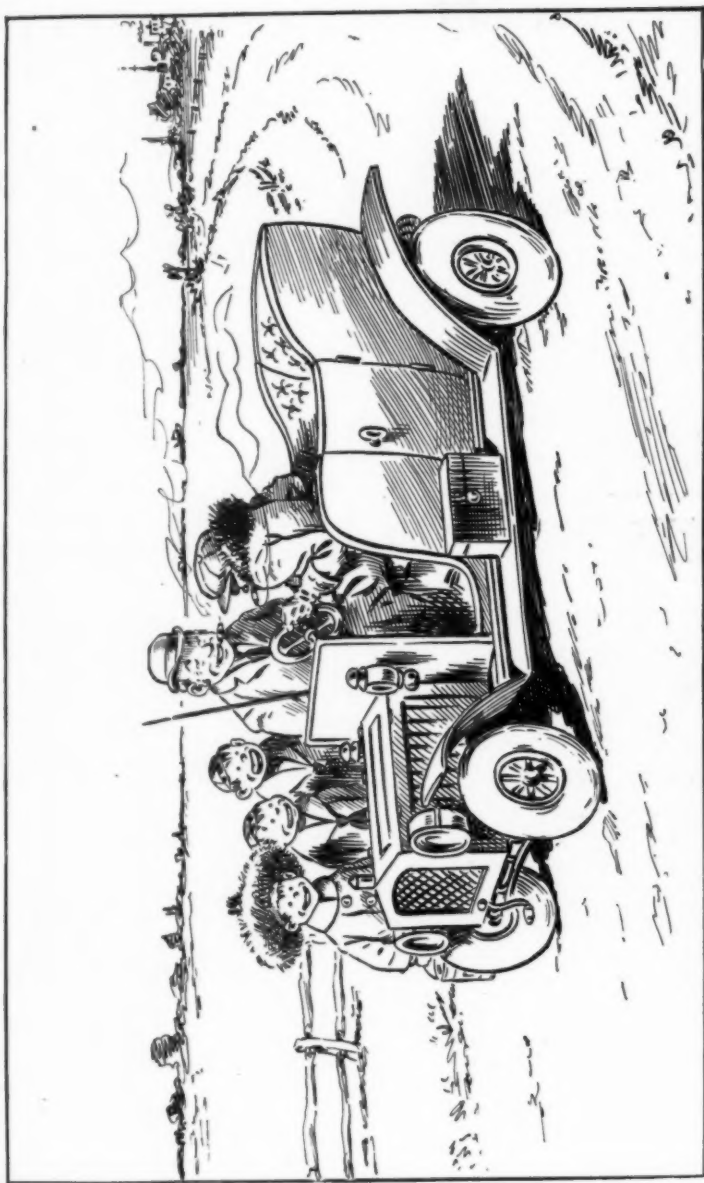


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"GEE! BUT IT WAS FIERCE."—Continued.



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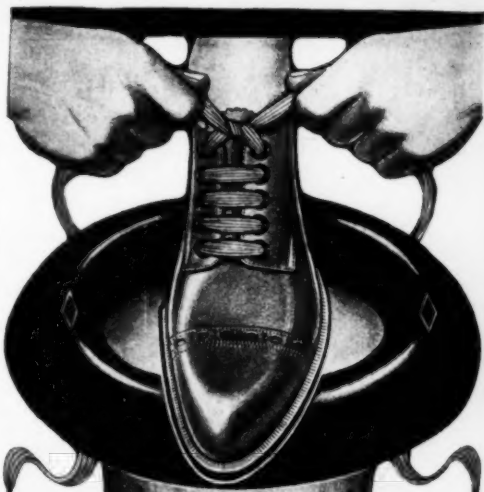
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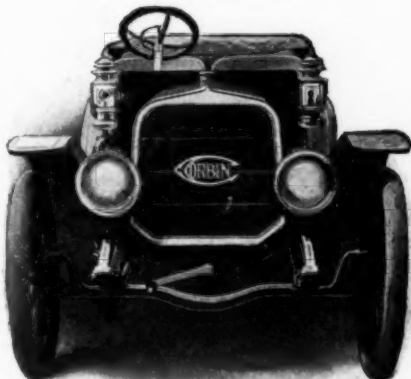
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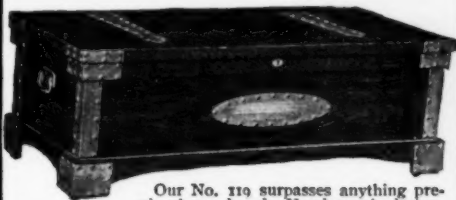
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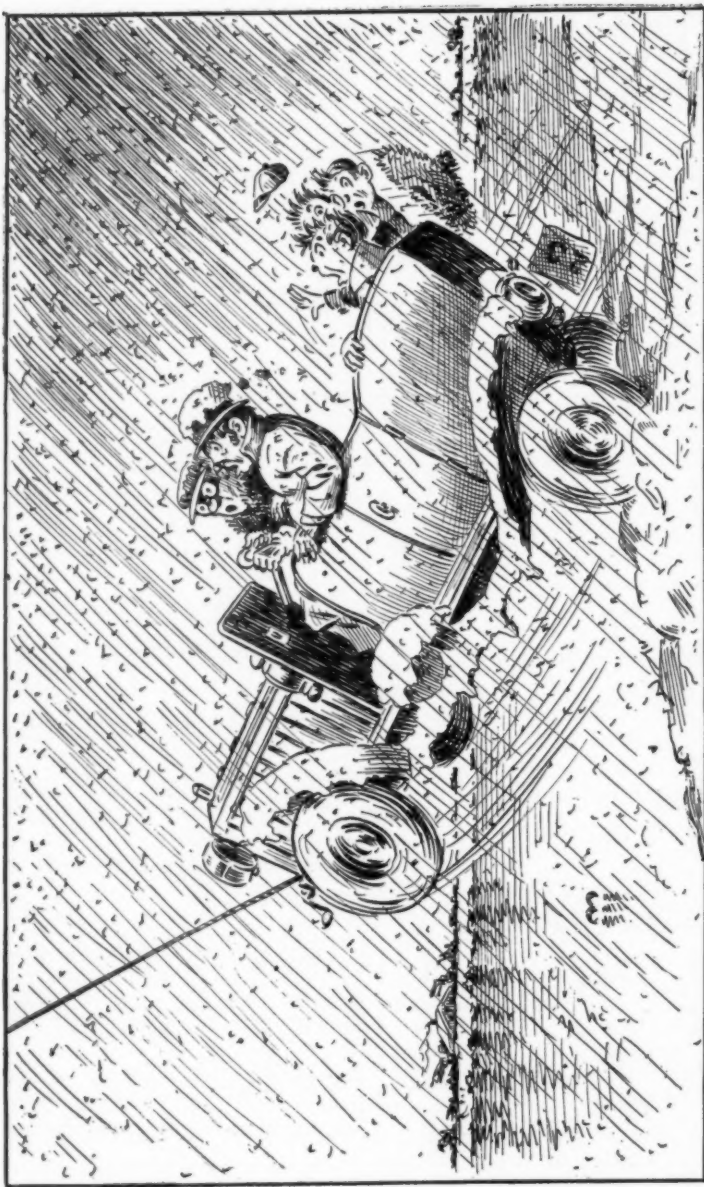
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"GEE! BUT IT WAS FIERCE."—Continued.



JOHN.—"Quite a clever idea of the kids', getting the air-ship to tow us, but, heavens! He's towing us into the river! Hey! up there! Do you want to drown us? Let up! Gosh! Help!"

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"GEE! BUT IT WAS FIERCE."—*Concluded.*



SUE.—"For goodness sake, John!—What are you yelling about? The neighbors 'll think someone's getting murdered!"
 JOHN.—"I had the nightmare and thought I was being dumped into the river, Ugh! Gee! but it was fierce!"
 THE CAT.—"He's got 'em again!"